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June
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by MARJORIE VETTER

SUSAN CORNISH. By REBECCA CAUDILL. *The Viking Press, \$2.75.* In all her life, Susan Cornish had found no one who would give honest, truthful answers to her awkward, troublesome questions, least of all the faculty of the small college of her father's choice. Rather than return there for her second year and resolved to find out if she could be the kind of teacher she had longed to have, she accepted a position in the Pickwick Mill one-room schoolhouse. Pickwick Mill was a cluster of poverty-stricken, worn-out farms, run mostly by sharecroppers for a selfish absentee landlord. The schoolhouse was falling to ruins; there were no books, no equipment, and Susan had had no training for teaching. But she was a born teacher with a passionate faith that truth and the right to seek it were the inalienable right of every child. Her pupils—each in his different way—captured her mind and heart because of their great need. But first she had to win their friendship and that of their parents. She realized that to help her students, she must aid their families to recover the spirit and initiative of their forefathers. Inch by inch, she led them up the long road to rehabilitation. As one obstacle was surmounted, another rose in its place. In this long struggle Susan was aided and sustained by Mr. McAdams, a wise and kindly superintendent (whose admiration for Susan was all the greater because practical considerations had long ago taught him to compromise with his ideals); by an eager young man from the Soil Conservation Service; and a retired preacher and his wife. Just as Pickwick Mill had become a model for surrounding rural communities, Susan was attacked by a rabble-rousing columnist with political ambitions who hurled at her the charges, "Subversive!" "Communist!" When it meant the loss of her job, disgrace for herself, her family, and those who had helped her, would Susan compromise, as Mr. McAdams had had to do, or would she stand up for her faith in the brotherhood of man and the right of her students to be taught the truth? Would she fight for her conviction that the moment a teacher yields to pressure in her attempt to teach the truth, that moment our schools—and America—cease to be free? There is a romance here and a happy ending, and the whole book is taut with suspense. The chapter in which Susan faces her accusers is high drama. No thoughtful girl, and especially no one who dreams of teaching or of a career of service, should miss this adult and inspiring novel of present-day problems and conditions.

THE CARE OF YOUR SKIN. By HERBERT LAWRENCE, M.D. *Little, Brown and Company, \$2.50.* All of us yearn for the beautiful skin of the soap and cosmetic advertisements. But so often adolescents and

THE AMERICAN GIRL



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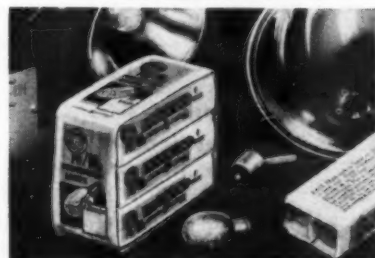
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young adults suffer the misery and embarrassment of acne, the medical term for the condition we sometimes call "breaking out" in pimples or blackheads. The author of this book is a nationally known dermatologist—a physician who has passed special examinations in dermatology or skin care. To help you understand your skin problem, he explains the structure of the skin and describes the common forms of acne. How many different explanations have you heard for the causes of acne? Most of them are entirely or partially untrue, says the author in an interesting chapter on these mistaken theories. The many advertised remedies and "cure-alls," he says, are almost always ineffective, costly, and sometimes harmful. But there are many common-sense ways in which you can help yourself, which he presents along with the methods leading dermatologists use today in treating stubborn cases, and an explanation of how correct treatment and a proper attitude about your appearance will help you through a trying period.

DIANE'S NEW LOVE. By ELIZABETH HEADLEY. Macrae Smith Company, \$2.50. The five stories about Diane Graham, so beloved by readers of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, when they appeared recently in the magazine, are from this book. Except for new subscribers, a review here would be superfluous, so completely did Diane capture the hearts of our whole audience. Girls recognize themselves, their problems, their parents and friends in Diane, her friends and family and her problems—and love it. They enjoy the gay quality of the story which gives the impression it was as much fun to write as it is to read. They understand Diane's grief at the loss of her beloved dog, Dynamite, and her reluctance to admit a new pet to her affections until Jim, the boy next door, tricks her into an interest in Honey, the collie puppy he buys for her with ten Saturdays of his working time. They share Diane's affection for Jim, but appreciate her desire to impress Toby, the attractive new boy she meets at the obedience classes in which she enrolls with Honey. They relish the humorous situations into which Honey's antics plunge his mistress, enjoy the amusing baby-sitting enterprise, and thrill to the heady and delicate situation in which the attentions of two likable boys involve Diane. This is a book that is assured of an enthusiastic audience.

THE UNWILLING HEART. By CATHERINE MARSHALL. Longmans, Green and Company, \$3.00. The problem that Linda Doverman had to face was a stark and terrible one which no amount of rationalizing could smooth away. Her adoring and indulgent father pleaded guilty to embezzlement and was imprisoned. Linda had not only to face the thoughtless, gossipy, sometimes cruel people of the small town in which she lived, but she had to meet the changed financial status of her family and the shock of disillusionment about her father. It was necessary to dismiss Mary O'Hara, the beloved Doverman maid. To keep their home for her husband's return, Mrs. Doverman took a job as saleswoman in a dress department. She could forgive her husband, write to him, visit him in prison, and plan for his release. Linda could not bear even to speak of her father. She suffered the agony of some real, and a thousand imagined, slights and snubs. Withdrawing into a shell of humiliation and self-pity, she had no thought to spare in compassion for the

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The AMERICAN GIRL

FOR ALL GIRLS—PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY GIRL SCOUTS OF THE U.S.A.

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JUNE COVER PHOTO



Making a big splash here, there, and everywhere the wild waves call . . . two new-look bathing suits by Regal Knitwear. Left: Maxine Fisher shows the elongated line, slim and elasticized, ending in a ballerina pouff. Turquoise or lemon on white Fuller Fabrics cotton; 10-16 subteen, about \$6. Assembled for the ensemble look . . . Regal's cap, bag, and terry jacket. Right: a winged fancy, worn by Linda Voytek, underlines bloomer legs and wing-cuffed bodice; 10-16 teen; rose, royal, or brown stripes on light-tone lastex-faille; about \$7. Linda's bag by Pyramid; "Sun-Steps" shoes by Hood Rubber; Koroseal air mat by B. F. Goodrich. The bathing suits are available at the stores listed on page 48

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: \$3.00 for one year, \$5.00 for two years. Foreign, Pan-American, and Canadian, \$.60 extra a year for postage, \$1.20 for two years. Remit by money order for foreign or Canadian subscriptions.

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1955 THE AMERICAN GIRL

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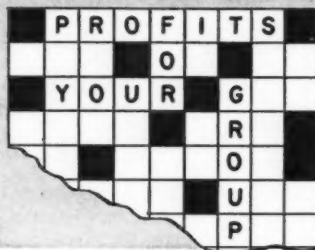
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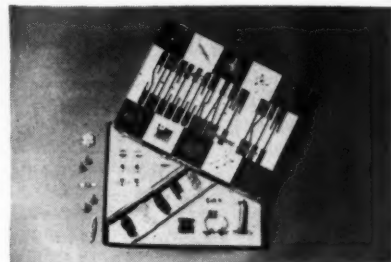
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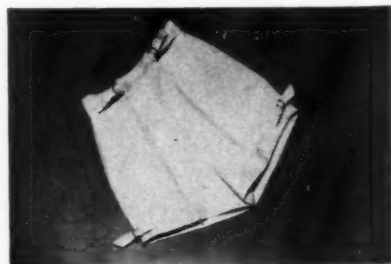
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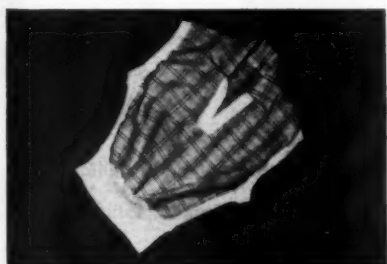
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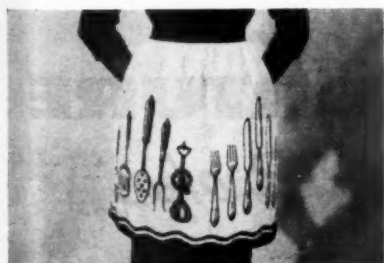
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THE AMERICAN GIRL



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JUNE, 1955



Problem Pounds

by FRANCES FITZPATRICK WRIGHT

To be ethereal? Or athletic? Either figure poses a difficult problem for Pat Downing

DEAREST JANIE:

This is a deep, dark secret, so don't breathe it. Since last Christmas I have gained ten pounds, which makes the terrible total a hundred and thirty! Isn't that repulsive? What makes it worse is that today Lucy Ellen gave me her white-and-silver evening dress. I have been racking my brains about what to wear at Mrs. Catagna's recital. You remember I have been taking voice lessons from her all winter. She was born in Italy and is a wonderful teacher, but her figure is long gone.

She told me the other day that I am to sing "*Après le Jour*" at the recital. That means "After the Day" and I love it. Besides, it's a great honor to sing at one of Catagna's recitals. I could just see myself on the stage of the Women's Club with the spotlight striking silver gleams from the white dress.

Sandy hasn't been over much lately. Last week I heard he took Lillian Davis to the movies. You know what a featherweight she is. All I could think of was the impression I'd make on him when he saw me as a slim prima donna in the white and silver.

But when I tried on the dress Lucy Ellen laughed and said, "You'll have to get rid of the extra tonnage, Pat." And when she said it, she was eating chocolate cake with icing an inch thick. It burns me up for her to eat anything and everything she likes and remain a size twelve.

I am *determined* to reduce. The clipping about the de Milo

reducing plan is from "Mode Magazine." The girl in the "before" picture is fatter than I am by far, but there is a resemblance and I take it as a grim warning. But isn't she adorable in the "after" picture? I cut out the coupon to send for particulars.

I showed Sandy the advertisement, but didn't mention that I had any idea of reducing. He looked at me suspiciously and said, "Don't tell me you are going in for a diet of fruit juice and raw carrots." Of course, I told him not to be silly. He then went into a speech about the Venus de Milo.

"Take it from me," he said, "she was no sylph. Remember those copies of Greek statues we saw in Nashville? The reason people love the Greek statues after all these centuries is because they are beautiful. The human body at its best. Neither thin nor fat." He looked at me accusingly and said that the women and men in those statues have power, grace, symmetry, and repose. Modern women, he added, lack repose, are forever trying to change their figures, hairdos, nails, and clothing to conform to someone else's idea of how they should look. Honestly, he sounded like Father.

"You have a strong, athletic build, Pat," he said, "and excellent health. You're full of life and fun. Why in heck do you want to shrink yourself to a pallid, bony clothes-horse like this gal?"

I asked him if he had ever thought of syndicating a column of advice to women. But he needn't think he can change my mind. Especially now that I know about Lillian Davis.

Boys really aren't half as smart as they think they are, don't you agree? I'll let you know all about the de Milo plan when I get the answer to the coupon.

Your ever-loving friend,
Pat Downing

Dearest Janie:

Thanks so much for your darling letter. I knew you would be sympathetic. I enclose the letter I got from the de Milo people. I think it sounds wonderfully easy and effective, don't you? But twenty dollars! That's pretty steep, it seems to me, when all you get is menus. They don't send you any food. Of course, they tell you what exercises to do. I guess it's like a lawyer's fee. You are paying for expert advice. But where in the world will I get twenty dollars?

I couldn't ask Father for the money. He would simply rave. He highly disapproves of almost everything people do to improve their looks. He says you never see an unspoiled, natural-looking beauty these days; that dieting and beauty parlors are destroying nature's handiwork.

I haven't dared mention the de Milo plan to Mother either. You know Mother and how she dotes on feeding people. She thinks a schoolgirl's breakfast should be fruit, cereal, bacon, eggs, toast, jam, milk, and that to leave out anything is dangerous.

Agnes Regan is willing to share the lessons with me and pay half the cost. She, too, is worried about her weight. But baby-sitting at forty cents an hour, I could never earn even ten dollars in time. The recital's only six weeks off and I should think it would take all of that to lose fifteen pounds, wouldn't you?

We'll just have to go it alone. Agnes is going to try it with me. I made a set of menus for us, mostly fruit juice and vegetables. We are resolved no sweets or starches shall pass our lips. If I stick to it and take plenty of exercise, in six weeks I ought to be able not only to wear the dress but to give Lillian Davis a run for her money, don't you think? I'll have my picture taken and send it to you.

Your ever-loving friend,
Pat Downing

Dearest Janie:

I've lost three pounds! I think I am beginning to look a little pale and interesting. This is what I ate today. For breakfast I had a grapefruit and hot tea without sugar. For lunch two crackers and a glass of orange juice. For supper spinach with lemon juice on it, a slice of broiled fish, and a pear.

Mother knows that I adore steamed chocolate pudding with caramel sauce, so she had it for supper tonight. I am proud to say I didn't weaken. I excused myself when dessert was served. Father muttered that experience keeps an expensive school, but fools will learn in no other. Mother just sighed—

Sandy came over this evening to invite me to play table tennis at his house. You know how I love to play and how good I usually am. You won't believe me when I tell you that Sandy beat me three games straight.

I felt so tired it seemed like work instead of fun. I wasn't having a good time and I had the awful feeling that Sandy was bored.

"What's the matter, Pat?" he asked. "You sick or something? You're about as much fun as a funeral."

If he hadn't made me so mad, I would have burst into tears. I felt like it. He took me home a few minutes later. I couldn't help thinking that he was glad to get rid of me. It made me more determined than ever to dazzle him with my beautiful new figure at the recital.

Write when you can. I need cheering.
Your ever-loving friend,
Pat Downing

Dearest Janie:

If you notice any difference in my handwriting, it is due to weakness and hunger. *Honestly.* Unbuttered toast, poached egg, and tea with lemon juice have their place, but to call them dinner is an exaggeration. Tonight Mother served Idaho potatoes, baked and dripping with butter, homemade rolls that smelled bet-

ter to me than the perfumes of Araby, and chocolate pie. I chewed away on my raw carrots and celery stalks, and for dessert I had four stewed prunes.

I am not suffering in vain, though, dear Janie, I have lost seven pounds. But I certainly get no sympathy or help. Sandy quarrels with me; Mother tries to tempt me beyond endurance; Father berates me.

"You can't tamper with the laws of nature," he booms, "and escape punishment!"

Mrs. Catagna is against me, too. As I told you, she is huge. She collects cookbooks and eats her way through them. Today she offered me some cake made by an old family recipe. I steeled myself to say no, thank you. When she insisted,

I was on the old couch in the dressing room and Sandy was rubbing my hand



I told her, in a burst of confidence, about the diet. She shook her head and said I was a foolish, deluded child. "Besides," she added, "are you not pleased with the way the dear God made you?"

I told her that, meaning no disrespect to God, I felt I could look a lot better a few pounds lighter. Then I explained about the dress and how much I wanted to wear it at the recital. She threw up her hands, rolled her eyes and wailed. "Dress! Who cares how pretty the dress, if the voice is thin and weak! A strong, vital body, a big chest, this gives to the voice beauty and resonance. Who wants a little pip-squeak voice?"

With that she got to her feet, opened her mouth and sang *Après le Jour* in a

way to make your spine tingle. But she is too old to care how she looks. And she has already had years of success. It's different with me. But I didn't say a word. I just looked at her and the cake and began to cry. The worst of this dieting is it makes me so emotional. I am embarrassed to think a mere stomach can dominate my life.

I know you are bored stiff, darling Janie, with a pound-by-pound account of my battle of the bulges, but you are the only one who fully understands. Agnes has quit! She said she wouldn't go on like this if it made her look like Elizabeth Taylor's twin! So I am going it alone.

Your ever-loving friend,

Pat Downing

Dearest Janie:

Thanks a million for your funny letter. How grand that you were chosen queen of the fiesta!

As for me, I am weak and wan, but I have shed twelve pounds. I can wear the dress without sucking in! No one is pleased but Lucy Ellen and me. Mother says I have dark circles under my eyes. Sandy says I'm as touchy as a yellow jacket and he's keeping out of my way. Father said if I will give the dress back to Lucy Ellen he will buy me one for the recital. This is really touching when you consider that as a rule Father vetoes new evening dresses automatically.

But with only ten more days to go, I am not going to (Continued on page 32)

Illustrations by
Sylvia Haggander



Incident on a Train

by MABEL CLELAND WIDDEMER

Illustration by Jack Whitsett



*She imagined people were staring and
opened a magazine, trying to be as
inconspicuous as possible*

ANNETTE MARIE, on the way home to spend the summer holidays with her parents, followed the porter along the gray concrete platform. It was a nuisance having to change from the through express to the meandering southern local.

She wasn't paying much attention to the porter. She was thinking of the days ahead. Life was going to seem different and strange back home. It had not been easy for a girl who had received all her training in small Negro schools to make a place for herself in a large Eastern college. Gradually she had lost much of the shyness and worry that had handicapped her during the first weeks of her freshman year. The memory of the things the dean and the girls had said to her when she had won the intercollegiate debate for her class still glowed in her heart. Now she felt assured and properly dressed and as if she belonged. Perhaps her clothes weren't as expensive as some of her new friends'; but they were *right*, and that meant everything.

She climbed the train steps behind the porter. But the minute she stepped into the coach and started down the aisle, she remembered where she was and knew the porter had made a mistake in bringing her into this car.

"Just a minute, porter," she began. But he had already swung her bags into the overhead rack and was holding out his hand for the expected tip. Suddenly the old timidity, the old, shy uncertainty came flooding back; she decided in panic that it was too late to ask to be taken to a rear car. She knew she was a coward, but she couldn't face that long, humiliating walk down the aisle.

She gave him the tip and sank down next to the window. She felt people staring at her, even though after a few seconds their inquisitive eyes roamed elsewhere. She told herself they looked at her only as they had looked at others, out of idle curiosity.

"Prexy will be proud of you." To earn these words called for more courage than Annette thought she possessed

She tried to hold on to her recently acquired pride and self-assurance. But the old feeling of inferiority she had struggled so hard to overcome came creeping back.

She had had her hair done recently and it lay soft and wavy under her pert little hat, cocked at just the angle approved by her college friends. She knew her well-tailored suit and spotless blouse and gloves were right for traveling.

Protective coloring, she thought grimly, disparaging the feeling of comfort they gave her.

If she tried to be as inconspicuous as possible, and paid no attention to anyone, perhaps the others, like the porter, would not realize she was in the wrong car. She opened a magazine and began to read, but her eyes kept wandering from the pages.

Four other girls had boarded the train at the junction. She hadn't paid much attention to them at first. But now she saw they had chosen seats across the aisle and just a little ahead of where she sat. They had turned over one seat to face the other so that their knees touched companionably. They were babbling about their plans for the coming holidays.

Three of the girls were brunettes. One of them had skin and hair and eyes almost as dark as Annette Marie's. The fourth, who sat facing Annette Marie, was small and blond.

"Let's have some bridge," one of the girls suggested, and beckoned to the conductor to ask him for a lapboard. He chuckled as he placed it across their waiting knees.

"Seems sort of like old times, doesn't it?" he said. "When you all used to come home from Miss Damen's school for the holidays and wanted a lapboard so you could play 'Old Maid.' Now you're all grown-up young ladies . . . time certainly flies. Take it easy, Miss Betty," she smiled at the small, blond girl. "Don't do any wild bidding unless you've got the cards to back it up."

Annette Marie returned to her magazine. But she couldn't keep her mind on the story. She kept glancing across at the group of girls. How wonderful it must be to be as gay and self-assured as they were. How easy it must be for them, knowing that wherever they went they were welcome. They could demand the best seats in any theater; they could walk into any restaurant or hotel with their heads held high and no fear that someone would turn them away with that polite phrase: "Sorry, no seats . . . no vacancy."

It was evident that Betty wasn't playing a very good game of bridge. Her mind seemed to be on other things. Her friends kept telling her that she wasn't paying attention. Finally, when Betty had trumped her ace, Betty's partner threw down her cards with a sharp exclamation.

"Betty Munroe, you're impossible! You simply won't put your mind on the game! Let's play Canasta. Even a child or . . ."

She broke off, and Betty, grinning, supplied the word.

"A fool!" she laughed. Catching Annette Marie's dark eyes over the top of her magazine, she smiled and winked drolly.

Annette Marie forgot that she wanted to remain inconspicuous behind her magazine until it was time for her to get off the train, and answered the friendly smile with a flash of her white teeth.

The lonely whistle of the train approaching a crossing brought her back to the present with a heart-stabbing clearness, reminding her that she was in the wrong car of a southern local.

It was ridiculous, she told herself, what the rule about separate cars for Negroes and whites and the porter's mistake had done to her. With each revolution of the wheels carrying her away from college, she seemed to be shedding more of her newly won feeling of adequacy and courage. With each racing mile she was falling back to the old mistaken feeling of inferiority. Making herself as small as she could, she hid behind her magazine again.

She tried to read, but a nagging worry pricked at her. She had been conscious for some time of a tall, angular woman seated across the aisle. She had been one of the people who had stared when Annette Marie entered the car.

The troubled feeling persisted. At last Annette Marie could stand it no longer. She turned and faced the small, gray eyes of the woman across the aisle. For a moment their glances met and locked, then Annette Marie's dark eyes dropped and she turned with a little shiver back to her magazine.

She was furious with herself for not being able to hold those sharp, prejudiced eyes longer. How could all that she had gained since she had entered college last fall desert her so quickly? Where was that newly won self-assurance—the pride in herself and her people which had been building up inside her? What had happened to all the high-sounding phrases she had cherished so proudly in her heart? The things she had been taught of civic rights and equality for all Americans which had been the subject of the debate she had won for her college? Where was her pride? Her courage?

Scold herself as she would she could not bring herself again to meet those cold gray eyes across the aisle. Emotions bred of generations of discrimination came flooding back to make her supinely willing to accept this feeling of inferiority again.

"Honestly, Betty, you're awful!" The half-angry voice rang through the train. "Can't you try to keep your mind on the game? You've been wool-gathering ever since we changed trains."

"I'm sorry," Betty said contritely. "I'll drop out. You don't need me. I've tried your patience enough."

The conductor opened the door of the car, letting in a whiff of sweet-smelling air.

"All tickets, please," he said, shutting out the welcome freshness before he started down the aisle.

Annette Marie nervously opened her purse. Her gloved hands made it awkward for her to get the ticket out of the small zippered pocket. The conductor was coming nearer. She mustn't keep him waiting. She must do nothing to focus any special attention on herself. She ripped the (Continued on page 36)

HOW TO Keep a Photo Diary

*Karen and her girl friends get
together on a year's
"remember-when" project*

by KAREN PETERSON

LAST JUNE when I finished third year high, Dad gave me a camera. My chums Mary and Joan already had theirs, and we three pledged we'd keep a photo diary of our senior year. We could take turns at snapping the shots, and Joan's brother Eric said he'd give us advice. He's quite a camera bug and knows a whole lot!

It's been such fun! It's made everything we did as seniors more important—like writing a book! And, you see, a book in pictures talks back. I know mine will be talking back to me about all our good times for years and years.

Eric said, "Now, girls, if you do something, do it right! Your cameras may not be the most expensive on the market, but they'll give you fine snapshots if you use them the right way. It's the way you use a camera that counts!"

Eric's a good teacher, and we girls listened to him. "Stop wiggling," he'd yell. "Hold that camera still! That's rule one of good photography. Most of the bad shots you see were made by cameras that were jiggled."

"It's hard to keep it still, Eric!"

"I know—unless you go at it right. Just imagine you're a human tripod—spread your feet wide and plant them firmly on the ground. Now, press your upper arms against your body and hold your breath for the moment it takes to snap the picture. Oh, and something else—always press that shutter release with a slow, steady, squeezing motion. If you jab it, you'll jiggle the camera every time!"

From the very start, we all tried to form good picture-taking habits—being sure to hold the camera steady, (Continued on page 33)

*June: Mary and
Joan and I pledge
to keep a full
year's diary of good
times together*



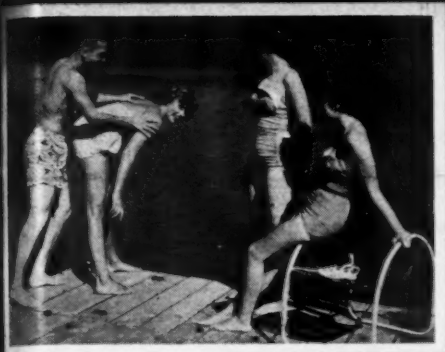
*September:
Last picnic before
school. Time to
sign off all blonds.
Eric tells Jim!*

December:

*Buddy wants to
hear me read Santa's
storybook for the
tenth time*



*March: Mary's new
recreation room is
just the thing
we needed for our
spring frolics*



July: Jim's a tease—but the take's handy. I'll wash him out of my hair!



August: Hot sun, cool water—and our whole bunch turns out for a gay splash-gab fest



October: Tryout for the sing. I really squeak on that high C—Mary says try again!



November: Pal and I rest from leaf raking for a chat on folks and dogs



January: A party at Joan's house. The glamour and fun of it we'll always remember



February: The big freeze! And I take a spill! Yes, indeed, pride goes before a fall!



April: When's an egg not an egg? When it becomes an Easter bunny or a yellow chick



May: Spring is here again! Jim and I try our hand at some out door cookery



Here is your own department in the magazine.
Send us your best original short stories, poems, nonfiction,
photographs, and drawings. See page 50 for details

WHAT DIFFERENCE COULD IT MAKE?

First Fiction Award

Outside the surf beat a rapid rhythm on the endless sands. The jagged, knife-sharp rocks could be seen slicing through the pearly gray waters and sending great sheets of spray high into the air, only to fall and become once more part of the sea.

A small house was perched on the dunes a safe distance from the stormy ocean. A stream of light issued from the window, shattering the bleakness of the seascape.

The forlorn figure of an elderly man with snow-white hair sat at a dilapidated table beneath a weak light. He was a drab, dull-looking person, but there was an air of alertness about him. He was the type of person who had been honest his whole life. He was rightfully proud.

Jeff Peabody got heavily to his feet, knocking over the lamp in his haste. The whole house was bathed in darkness for a moment after the lamp had fallen with a crash, until it was restored again.

Old Mr. Peabody stood blinking like an owl at the sight before him. The base of the lamp had somehow come off leaving the whole thing hollow, and out had fallen money!! Ten and twenty dollar bills! The old man extended one gnarled, withered hand and touched it gingerly.

Why there must be at least a thousand dollars, he thought to himself.

Mr. Peabody sank back into the chair breathlessly. He tried to stop the flood of thoughts which immediately came to his mind. Thoughts which denied all the principles of honesty he had lived with for so long.

The old man thought of how he had worked for an ancient sea captain for the past fifteen years. How he had taken care of the captain, even though the man was half out of his mind, for a very small salary.

Now the captain was away for a week and he, Jeff Peabody, was alone. Alone and able to just walk off with the money.

The captain had probably forgotten where the money was; and besides, just who would listen to a loony old sea captain who talked of giant sea serpents and clipper ships that never existed?

Old Jeff shook his head as if to rid it of such thoughts, and made a feeble attempt to pick up the money. All his life he had been honest, but where had it gotten him? He had never cheated or stolen in any way. But now—now must be different. Sometimes he had received no salary whatsoever. Why that money was actually his! It was coming to him.

Mr. Peabody hastily packed his few meager belongings into a carpetbag and put on his tattered hat and coat. He paused but a moment before he shoveled the money into a brown paper bag.

He stopped outside as a matter of habit to take the mail, which consisted of a large manila envelope, from the mailbox and slip it under the door.

He knew full well what he was getting into. Never again could he hold his head proudly and respect himself. He had sunk as low as he could get, but he thought it was worth it.

He walked off down the road, the darkness and mist gathering him in to a better life—he thought.

After all, what difference could it make that the manila envelope contained the news of the death of a certain sea captain who had left all his money and earthly belongings to a certain Jeffrey Peabody? What difference could it make?

Outside the surf beat a rapid rhythm on the



FIRST ART AWARD:
Barbara McCleskey (age 16) Louisville, Kentucky



FIRST PHOTOGRAPHY AWARD:
Cathleen Duda (age 12) Los Angeles, California

LIGHT OVER THE LEFT SHOULDER

First Nonfiction Award

I am chilled to the bone. My fingers have no feeling. My teeth chatter, and I struggle against the heavy Alaskan wind. Winter in the Yukon—equivalent of spending the night in a deep freeze. I see the blurred images of my sled dogs as they tug at their heavy load and wrench themselves forward at every step. Now they leap ahead, if that is possible, with the smell of meat and warmth in their nostrils. The cabin looms ahead. Fire, food, friends.

Paris in the spring. Crooked streets leading to nowhere. Children squabbling in a courtyard. I feel the romance of being alive. A flower vendor begs of me to buy a cluster of violets, and I do—because it's good to buy, because it's good to walk with the wind in my hair and my fingers touching a violet petal.

Arizona. Land of endless wastes. Land of raw and rare beauty. Land which laughs at those who try to tame it. I am thirsty now. My tongue is swollen; my eyes burn and see things that don't exist. My ears hear the splash of water. No! It's only the wind driving sand against a rocky ridge. Mountains (Continued on page 45)

endless sands. The jagged, knife-sharp rocks could be seen slicing through the pearly gray waters and sending great sheets of spray high into the air, only to fall back and become once more part of the sea.

MARCIA IRIARTE (age 13) Menlo Park, Calif.

Try a Date with Dad!

by ARNOLD A. FENTON

If he's grumpy, fit him out with a halo—and watch him melt into a saint!

UGH! DAD WASN'T EVEN CIVIL! I simply asked him to drive me to the basketball game. He nearly chewed my head off."

Pam resented her father's explosive: "Do I look like a chauffeur?" That did it. The battle of words was on.

In recalling it, of course, Pam had forgotten her own bristling, defiant manner. She saw so little of her dad, anyhow—why did he have to be so gruff?

What she couldn't know was that he had lived through a fairly disastrous day in the office. A fabulous business deal, months in the making, had fallen through. At home, Mother had greeted him with a wail about the fact that she'd been given a traffic ticket. On top of that had come the news of Brother's low college grades. By the time Pam got to him with her request, poor dad was "highly inflammable."

Pam hadn't meant to upset him, and his manner jolted her, for he'd always taken even her worst kidding good-humoredly. But this time what he really needed was a night out—rather than a taxi whistle. And that's the advice Pam's uncle gave her when she told him, almost in tears, about the incident. "Make a date with your dad sometimes," he advised. "Try to give him the notion he's appreciated—not just being used as a convenience. It works wonders."

Jennifer has her troubles, too. Her dad has a way of demoting her to the play pen in the presence of boys. He seems to forget she's a junior miss.



"Be home at eleven," he'll say in a firm voice. "Put on something warm; and—stay out of hot rods!"

"Why does he have to humiliate me?" she demands. "He's worse than my little brother. And he never says a word until my date is standing there!"

Admittedly, that's a tough situation. What it calls for is knowing how to handle Dad just right. And more—it calls for getting to know him, and getting him to know you. He loves you, but he's—well, sort of forgotten how things were at your age. He just sees you as oversensitive.

Getting to know Dad is a wonderful experience, as many girls have found out. Definitely, it pays off in a great many ways.

At least one girl in every gang stewed over a "dad versus boy friend" situation. Her father, she feels, resents all boys—her "date" is doomed to unpopularity right off the bat. Dad dislikes his ties, his humor, or maybe it's his family. She can argue herself blue in the face, but it gets her nowhere. The boy friend will get the deep freeze and a scowl and is apt to feel too

discouraged to ever again ask for a date.

Laurie's plight draws a groan from a batch of sister sympathizers. She struggles with a cramped allowance. Dad insists a dollar a week is enough. "What do you need money for?" he inquires. "I buy you everything!" Of course he forgets that sundaes, movies, and cosmetics aren't free. Laurie's idea of a really perfect dad is Mr. Jeffers. "Sweet and big-hearted! There's not a thing he wouldn't give Pat! He's just SWELL!"

But then—Pat burst the bubble the other day. She did a rave about Laurie's father. "So kind and considerate! You're lucky to have a dad like that!"

What it probably all proves is that every dad has exciting possibilities, if his daughter will only give him a chance, instead of drawing him into arguments about dating, curfew, allowance, and other such things. Sharp words, mad-ons, or walking out aren't the cleverest ways to manage the man—Pam, Jennifer, and Laurie all agree. Pam's duel with her dad left her unhappy and upset. Next day everything went (Continued on page 38)



Lisch

slivers of it may stick to the strands. Invest in a liquid or cream shampoo. After lathering up once and rinsing with warm water, do it all over again—only this time rinse thoroughly with clear warm water, so that even the hardest soap bubble has been whisked away. At summer camps and cottages where sprays are unavailable, and you are using the old-fashioned method of pouring water over your head, rinse at least four times. Rub dry with clean towels. Avoid walking around with damp hair—apart from the fact that you're asking for a cold, your hair will lose its sheen.

Between shampoos—give your hair a “fluff brushing” daily. To do this cover the bristles of your brush with a piece of gauze—then go to it, stroking from the roots of your hair down to the tips. See that oil collect!

The formula for lovely hair is a combination of massaging, brushing, and shampooing. Let this formula work for you.

I have an unusual problem. I am very serious-looking and everyone thinks either I'm mad at them or in a bad mood. Even though I am happy, I still have a long gloomy face. I can't walk around with a smile on my face all the time, can I? I'd do anything to make this gloomy look vanish. Please help me.

Any girl who is willing to give some thought and honest effort to her appearance can emerge well turned out and attractive today. If your features are irregular, don't throw in the sponge. Concentrate, instead, on ways to make your face into an outstandingly interesting one. Experimenting with your hairdo and with light cosmetics can be both exciting and profitable.

Dear Good-Grooming Editor:

by GLYNNE

YOUR LETTERS addressed to the good-grooming editor come in at a steady rate. We would like to reply to each in greater detail, but with two million readers, we'd have a tough job keeping up. Instead, we select problems we feel are shared by many of you and answer them on this page every four or five months. If your special question does not appear this month, watch for it on a future “answer” page.

My hair is dark blond and almost straight. I wear it with the ends turned under in a sort of page-boy style. Right after it has been washed, it looks pretty nice, but about four days later all the shine has disappeared. It looks dull and colorless, and gets so oily near the roots. My friends say you shouldn't wash your hair more than once a week because too much washing is bad for it. Is this true?

Don't be afraid to wash your hair as often as it needs it. The signals are an itchy scalp or a topknot that appears oily, scaly, or dull. In your case it looks as though you should shampoo your hair every three or four days. Rumors which claim frequent shampooing is detrimental to the hair are without foundation. Mary Martin has done a lot to explode this myth. Her hair is as lovely as ever, and she shampooed it every single night for months on-stage in “South Pacific,” where she acted out the routine of “washing that man right out of her hair!” For you, then, a daily brushing and a shampoo every four days.

Oily hair needs more sudsings than dry hair, but before you do yours, massage your scalp and brush your hair. This helps loosen the dirt and excess scalp oils, and the value of the shampoo goes up.

Regular soap is a poor substitute for a good shampoo. Save your soap cakes—even the scented ones—for your face and body. In hard water, soap leaves a dulling film on the hair, and little

***There's an answer to every problem
—and a problem for almost every girl!***

All right, so your face is structurally long! You can't lop a piece off—but if you choose the right hair style, nobody will be the wiser. Try fluffing out your hair at the temples; perhaps at the neckline, too. Keep it smooth on top, but you can soften your forehead with a short bang—the kind that swings across the brow is a wafer of flattery.

If you have locks that are yardstick straight—well . . . what are you waiting for? Skillfully tapered, your hair can be arranged in one of the new perky “straight-hair” coifs. Or a permanent can provide the soft natural waves and curls you want. The latest home permanents are not difficult to use. You can team up with a chum and give them to each other one evening at home.

As to that drooping mouth, why not work a little magic with lipstick? The trick is to make the upper lip look a little shorter than the bottom one, to give you a smiling appearance. No purples, no fuchsias. Select from true reds or pinky tones. Begin by outlining the top lip, starting at the center and working to the sides. Fill in and blot. Outline the bottom lip. Fill in and blot. Now apply once more to the bottom lip, making it one tone darker than the top. With your finger tips bring the color on the bottom right into the corners, turning them up slightly. Practice until you have mastered this technique.

Develop a fashion sense. Emphasize color in vivid splashes—in scarves at your throat, in your (Continued on page 30)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RALPH M. BAXTER
SHOES: SUN-STEPS BY HOOD RUBBER

Shipshape and dashing duo by

*Lortogs . . . The tapered caper
trousers a pretty foil for the*

*brilliant blouse . . . Lots of news
here: low pockets, side belts,*

*a Byronesque collar. Tangerine,
yellow, or turquoise broadcloth*

*over black poplin pants; pink
over charcoal; 8-14 subteen,*

about \$8. Stores on page 48



*Prize
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, 1933



Fashionable Shore Lines

*Modern symmetry with variations
from slim and sleek to buckles
and bows. Suit yourself from
this trio . . . beautifully adept
at serious swimming as well as
pretty lounging. For store
information turn to page 48*

Far Left:
Good form, swimming or strolling;
by Jantzen. The sheath suit,
artfully elasticized; 9-15 for
teens, about \$9. Matching tiered
skirt; small, medium, or large;
about \$7. Both a white Everglaze
cotton with pastel floral print

Right:
Surfstogs accents the slim look,
deftly combining a solid back with
mitered stripes. Added attractions:
buckle-strap trim, shirred front.
Black, brown, or red lastex with
Celaperm; 10-16 teen, about \$13

Left:
Brief and to the point . . . the point
fashionably taken by Gantner's
tank-type suit . . . In beautiful
shape from adjustable halter to
panel skirt; black, white, red,
or royal elastic knit with
Celaperm; 10-16 subteen, about \$8

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RALPH M. BAXTER





Solid over print, Derby's two-piece cotton with summer exposure. The blouse takes a double view: tuck-in back, midriff-tie front; orange or turquoise, about \$3. Softly pleated skirt with separate cummerbund; blue print on orange; coral print on turquoise; about \$6. Both 8-16 teen

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RALPH M. BAXTER
SHOES: SUN-STEPS BY HOOD RUBBER

Crisply cool, calmly unruffled . . . beautiful ideas for warm weather. Sleeveless shirt with buckle-band low on neck, about \$3. Swing skirt repeats buckle motif . . . further embellished by large pockets; about \$5. Both gray, red, or blue Chromspun acetate and cotton, by Kordell; 8-14 subteen

Duo in the Sun

*Separates with designs on summer . . .
Lines are fresh and new with emphasis on
pretty wear, little care. Stores on page 48*



Cooking with Judy

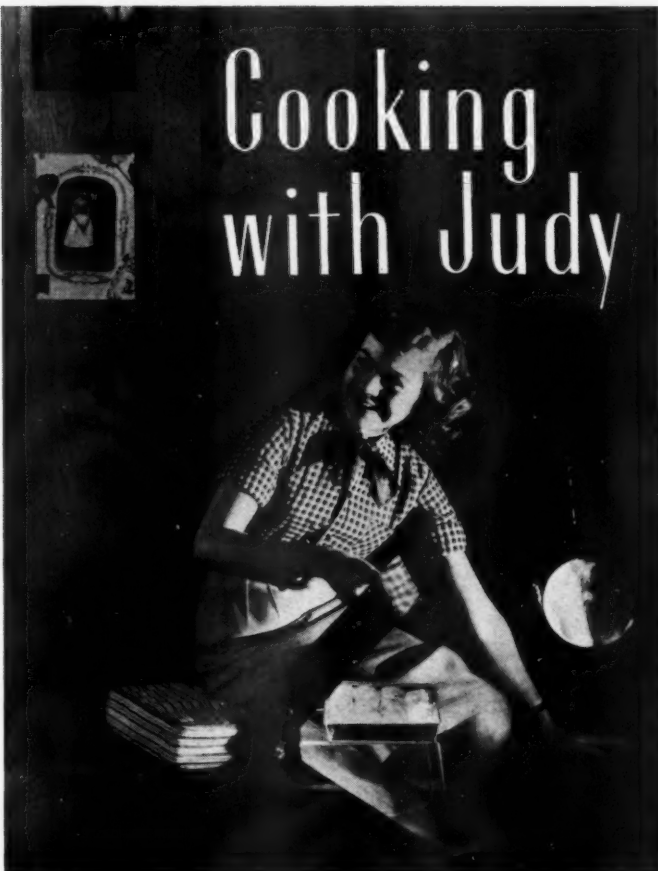


PHOTO BY MAS ITO
UTENSILS COURTESY OF BLOOMINGDALE BROS.

by ALICE C. SANDERSON

Our American Girl cook learns what appetizing dishes can be baked in a reflector oven

"Is there anything special about the biscuits?" she asked.

"Not really. They are made from a recipe that I mix up ahead of time in quantity, except for the liquid. Here is the recipe. We will use the mix for some of the other things we are going to bake, too. Of course you can use any standard baking-powder biscuit recipe instead of this mix."

BASIC BISCUIT MIX

8 cups sifted all-purpose flour	1 tablespoon salt
1/4 cup double-acting baking powder	1 cup dry milk solids (optional)
	1 cup shortening

Sift dry ingredients together. Cut in shortening with pastry blender or fork until mixture is like coarse corn meal. Store in closed container in cool place or refrigerator. Enough for 90-100, inch-and-a-half biscuits.

For Rolled Biscuits Use:

2 cups mix	3/4 cup milk
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Add milk to mix. Combine thoroughly. Roll out on floured board or between lightly floured wax paper. Cut with biscuit cutter. Bake in quick oven (425°) 12 minutes. Makes 24 biscuits.

For Drop Biscuits Use:

2 cups mix	3/4 cup milk
------------	--------------

Add milk to mix. Stir to mix thoroughly. Drop from spoon on baking pan. Bake in quick oven (425°) 12 minutes. Makes 24 biscuits.

"How's your pizza appetite, Judy?"

"Enormous! But we aren't going to bake pizzas in a reflector oven—or are we?"

"We are, my doubting friend. The biscuit dough can be made with our rolled biscuit mix, or your own recipe. The oregano is the herb that gives the pizza its distinctive flavor."

PIZZAS

1/2 pound cooked salami	1 (6 oz.) can tomato paste
Biscuit dough	Oregano
1/2 pound sharp Cheddar cheese, grated	

Shred salami with knife or scissors. Divide dough into 10 balls. Roll each very thin, about 5 inches across, between wax paper. Place on cooky sheet and turn up edges of dough to make fluted rims. Spread with tomato paste. Sprinkle 1/2 to 3/4 teaspoon oregano on

(Continued on page 39)

COME IN, MISS SANDERSON," Judy called. "Wouldn't you know it would rain! You said on the telephone it wouldn't matter, but—"

Miss Sanderson laughed. "It won't, really. Wait until I get out of these wet things and you'll see what I had in mind when I asked if your mother would let us use the fireplace in your basement gameroom."

Judy still looked doubtful. She thoroughly enjoyed her cooking sessions with her home-economist friend and had looked forward to this one, when they had planned to cook out of doors in a reflector oven. "Mother said we could use the kitchen, too," she said.

"Good. We'll do some of our mixing there. Cheer up, Judy. The more you cook, the more you will find there is always more than one way to do a thing. In fact, one measure of a good cook is how well she can cook under any circumstances. Suppose we have a look at your downstairs fireplace?"

"This is fine," Miss Sanderson said. "It is nice and wide, so we can use all three small reflector ovens I brought. See how they are made? The top and bottom meet at an angle at the back. When they are placed with the open side toward the fire, the angled top and bottom reflect the heat to the top and bottom of the food that is cooking on the rack in the middle."

"You will probably notice that the bottoms of the pans I've brought are dark on the outside. Black absorbs heat, as you know. If the

bottoms of the pans were shiny, the heat would be reflected away from the food."

"But how do you know where to place the oven to get the right amount of heat?" Judy wanted to know.

"That you have to learn by experience. However, a good rule is to put the oven where it is too hot when you hold your hand there for the count of eight."

"For best results with a reflector oven, the back of the fireplace, indoors or out, should be high enough so the flames are as high as the top of the oven, and their heat is reflected into the oven."

"This fire is going well," said Judy. "I'll try placing the ovens. One, two, three, four—ouch! That's too close. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight. There. Now what do we cook first?"

"I brought a pan of rolls and one of biscuits, all ready to put into the oven. The rolls are the kind you buy in the stores, ready for baking. They cook quickly and are good for a picnic meal indoors or out. To show you their possibilities, I've fixed these ROLLS three ways."

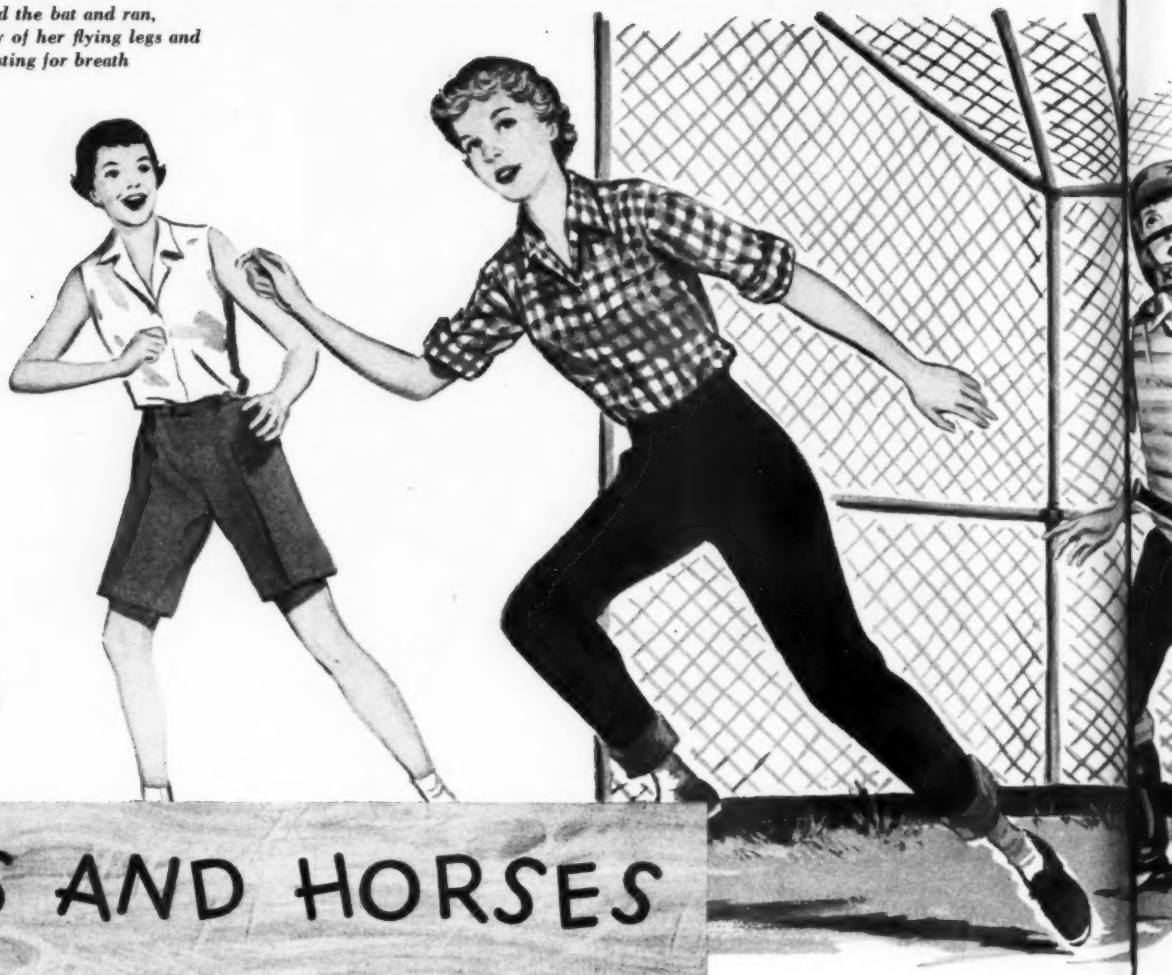
"First, I brushed all the rolls with butter—you could use margarine if you prefer. Some I cut through lengthwise and slipped in a strip of cheese. Some I left plain. I sprinkled the tops of the rest with a mixture of three quarters of a teaspoon of cinnamon and one tablespoon of granulated sugar."

Judy set the pans carefully in the oven.

*Sandy dropped the bat and ran,
conscious only of her flying legs and
her lungs bursting for breath*

by AMELIA
ELIZABETH
WALDEN

Illustration by
Bill Timmins



HITS AND HORSES

CONCLUSION: Four days before the Starlight Dance, New Sharon High played Greenport away from home. Sandy's team looked forward to the game with mingled excitement and tension. Greenport played for blood and generally it was New Sharon's that was spilled. As often happened, the boys' baseball team was playing Greenport, too. But today Sandy did not sit at the back of the bus and watch for the cars with the boys to pass. For if Bill saw her, he would look the other way.

When Sandy and her teammates arrived, the Greenport girls were already warming up. Miss MacDonald called off the starting line-up. Helen Ackerson would pitch the first part of the game. Helen pitched well, but she did not have that extra little something that lifts a pitcher out of the mediocre class. Sandy would play left field. Miss MacDonald was disciplining her for what happened at Westbrook.

There was discussion about umpires. Greenport asked if Miss MacDonald would agree to a Greenport boy acting as plate umpire and appoint a New Sharon boy as base umpire.

"How can I get a New Sharon boy now?" Miss MacDonald replied.

Pat Manero spoke up. "Maybe there's someone with the boys' team who could act as umpire." Miss MacDonald agreed and Pat went racing over to the boys' field to return in a few minutes with—of all people—Bill!

The boy umpires took their places on the field as New Sharon got ready to bat. The Greenport umpire made up for his small stature by his stentorian voice, which echoed over the field.

"Batter up!" he thundered and Sandy was glad she was not pitching. He's a scrapper, she thought.

The first inning was a push-over for Greenport. Their pitcher slouched up to the rubber as if she would just about make it and went into a listless windup. Then wham! The ball came at the batter like a bullet, and the trumpet-voiced umpire boomed in gleeful triumph, "Stri-i-ike!"

When New Sharon went into the field, Helen Ackerson pitched too high. If it hadn't been that Sandy, in the outfield, was good at catching fly balls, the inning might have lasted all afternoon. Sandy caught two flies, putting out two Greenport girls. The third was put out while running from second to third. But Greenport had scored four runs to New Sharon's zero before that happened.

The second inning was not much better than the first, and it ended six to nothing in favor of Greenport.

The top of the third was a nightmare for New Sharon. Roz Lauterbach was completely demoralized. Twice she swung at pitches so wildly that Greenport rolled off the bleachers in hilarity.

Pat Manero was next. Usually one of the best batters on the team, Pat was out in three straight strikes.

Then Midge Dubois, New Sharon sophomore, new to the team, surprised them all. She hit the first ball that was pitched to her hard and fair and ran to first base.

Sandy was next. As she picked up the bat, she had a fleeting glimpse of Bill standing in the base umpire's position between first and second. There was some heckling from the Greenport



rooters, but Sandy was used to that. Her first ball was a strike. She let the next go by, sure it was a ball, but the umpire called it a strike. What could she do? She held the bat as if she meant business and swung at the next. It was a base-line foul. The ball went back to the pitcher. Midge, on first, left her base, thinking Sandy had been struck out, and Bill had to call Midge out.

"Sandy!" Miss MacDonald was beckoning to her. "I'm putting you in as pitcher at the bottom of the third." Ordinarily Sandy would have flashed the coach a look of gratitude for letting bygones be bygones, but today she would have preferred to keep her position in the outfield. She had no relish for this game. She disliked junior umpires. She was upset because Bill was deliberately avoiding her glance. As she started toward the pitcher's mound, Miss MacDonald smiled encouragement and said, "Just be careful what you say, Sandy."

As Sandy approached the mound, she saw there was no rubber. The pitcher was expected to stand back of a line drawn in the dirt by the umpire's toe!

Sandy wound up and let go. "Ball!" blared the umpire. She tried again, and again he called it a ball. Twice more she went into her favorite pretzel windup and twice more the umpire called ball. The Greenport batter walked to first base.

Sandy decided to try Bill's windmill. It took the Greenport batter by surprise and Sandy put her out in short order.

The next girl went out too. The score at the end of the third was still six to nothing in favor of Greenport, but at least the cocky team was being held down.

Heartened by Sandy's pitching, her team made three runs at the top of the fourth inning. There was consternation in the Greenport ranks as that team came up to bat at the bottom of the fourth. The tide was turning, and in the opinion of the Greenport players and rooters, Sandy was to blame. She was well aware, as she warmed up, that the Greenport girls were looking at her and whispering among themselves.

The Greenport batter was too anxious for her own good. Sandy knew how to pitch to a worried batter. Delay the pitch, use a long windup, and then a slow ball.

It worked. Sandy struck the batter out, but she saw the row of Greenport heads go into another whispering huddle. One of the girls jumped off the wall and ran over to the umpire. There was a lengthy discussion. The umpire called to Sandy to be more careful about keeping her feet back of the line when she delivered the ball.

Sandy's first impulse was anger at the umpire. Greenport was only trying to rattle her. She had not been stepping over the line. The loud voice of the umpire and the injustice of the rebuke had all the makings of trouble, but she remembered two things just in time. Miss MacDonald's caution and Bill's presence behind her on the field.

"All right," she answered, "I'll watch it."

The Greenport girls, not satisfied with Sandy's docile acceptance of the rebuke, needled the umpire and in turn he nagged Sandy. She kept her tongue under control, but her concern over where she was stepping fouled up her pitching. She walked two batters and the next made a hit that loaded the bases.

She must stop this. Control. That's what would do it. Bill had preached it to her a million times. She forced herself to calm down, taking her time. She ignored the heckling from the bleachers, and the needling about stepping over that line. She even conquered her impulse to fight back. As a result, she put out two more Greenport batters without permitting that team to make a single run.

At the top of the fifth, New Sharon made four runs which put them one ahead of Greenport. Then, to add to Greenport's discomfort, Sandy struck out three girls in the bottom of the fifth when Greenport came up to bat. One, two, three, OUT! Just like that.

Greenport took the field at the top of the sixth, grim and determined. The pitcher, giving everything she had, duplicated Sandy's performance to put out three batters in a row. New Sharon was unable to score. In the last half of the sixth, in spite of all Sandy could do, Greenport managed to score one run, making it a seven to seven tie.

In the seventh inning Greenport put in Lefty MacCracken, a southpaw, with a formidable reputation in high school softball. Good in all sports, she had been injured in a hockey game last fall and been out of softball all year. Now she was well enough to play a little, and Greenport had been saving her for just such an emergency.

Even Sandy had respect for Lefty MacCracken. She had brains to back (Continued on p.28)



"Sandy, you're a knockout in that dress!"

Tuned to June



4578: Worn with or without the brief bolero, this is a cool and comfortable dress for summer. Avondale chambray, solid color or printed, would be a good fabric choice for this dress. Sizes 10-16. For size 12 you will need $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 35" material for the dress and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards, same width, for the bolero

4781: Here is an easy-to-make dress for sizes 11-17, with the lowered princess waistline. Choose your material from any of the lovely summer fabrics. You can make one version with the petal collar, and another with the sweetheart neckline in the small sketch. Size 13 requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards 39" fabric

9380: This is the perfect quartet to mix and match for summer fun: a halter-blouse and skirt (shown in the small sketch) and jacket and shorts (large sketch). Sizes 10-18. For size 16, in 35" material like Fuller pique, halter will need $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards; skirt, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards; shorts, 1 yard; jacket, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards

These patterns may be purchased from The American Girl Pattern Dept., 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. When ordering, be sure to enclose the correct amount for each pattern (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay the postage. For your convenience there is a clip-out order blank on page 50

Each pattern 30¢

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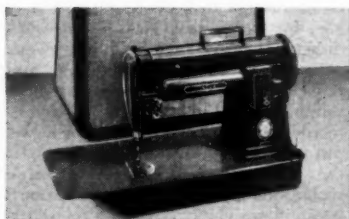
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GRAND PRIZE \$1000	} cash award or scholarship funds
2nd PRIZE \$ 750	
3rd PRIZE \$ 600	
4th PRIZE \$ 500	

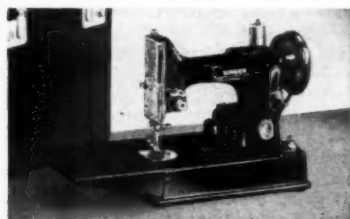
JUNIOR CONTEST PRIZES (girls 10-13)

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2nd PRIZE \$400	
3rd PRIZE \$300	
4th PRIZE \$250	

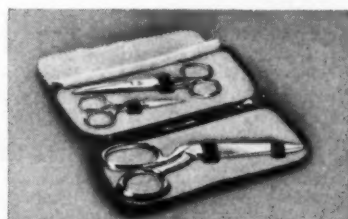
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up her good pitching arm. Pat Manero was up first. Pat, too, had a reputation in high school softball as a good batter, and Lefty knew it.

Lefty wound up and delivered. "Ball!" the umpire called, sounding so pleased that Sandy became suspicious. The second was a ball too, and so was the third. I bet the next will be a ball, too, Sandy thought.

Sure enough. Pat was walked to first. Lefty had put the opposing team's most dangerous batter on first and intended to keep her there while she prevented the rest of the team from hitting.

Midge Dubois was up next. After two strikes, Midge made contact and the ball rolled into the infield near first base. Midge was out at first and Pat, forced to second, was tagged on a double play just as she slid in.

"Two out!" the umpire bellowed.

Sandy was up next. She could feel Lefty looking her over. Lefty MacCracken had a repertory of windups that was unusual for a high school pitcher. Most of the girls on the softball teams just held the bat and swung when the ball came at them. With this kind of batting, Lefty was in the driver's seat.

But Sandy was not the average batter. She was a past master at this art herself and because she had always studied her own weaknesses, she could see that Lefty had a few too. For instance, Lefty gave away in advance the kind of pitch she was going to deliver. Sandy got ready. The ball came at her fast and she let it go.

"Strike!" the umpire called.

Sandy made a great show of uneasiness, shuffling her feet. She was baiting Lefty, letting her believe she had been upset by the umpire. She was sure the next one would be too high or too low or have too much curve. Lefty would figure that Sandy would swing this time, because a batter usually swings at the second pitch when the first pitch has been called a strike.

Lefty wound up and released. Sure enough, it had too much curve and Sandy let it go. "Ball," the umpire called.

Sandy gripped the bat first low, then high, then low. She could almost see Lefty thinking, this New Sharon pitcher is a poor batter. If I keep my pitches low and my balls fast, she won't stand a chance.

Lefty wound up and let go another fast ball, this time well within the striking area and just low enough, as she thought, to make it a hard one for Sandy to bat.

Sandy deliberately swung at it too high. She would wait for the next ball. It would be faster than the others. It would be low, but it would have that touch of overconfidence that Sandy knew about all too well. That would be the pitch Sandy was waiting for. "Two strikes!" called the umpire.

Lefty drew herself up. She was good and she knew it. She knew it, perhaps, just a touch too well. She crouched low now, for her special fast-ball windup and released the ball. It came at Sandy fast and low.

This is it, Sandy thought. This is my ball.

She met it head on, in just the right spot and with every bit of weight she could pack behind it. Then she dropped the bat and ran. First base. Be sure to touch it so Bill could see her do it. Second base. Third base.

She was conscious of nothing but her flying legs, her breath coming hard, and the dust flying up around her. She was down on her sandlot where she had begun, running her legs off to make a homer.

There was shouting. Wild screams. She

was unconscious of it. All she wanted was to touch home plate.

She did — a split second before the ball reached the catcher's mitt.

"A homer," someone screamed. "Sandy, you made a homer!" Sandy saw that it was Dodo the imperturbable who was screaming.

The last half of the seventh inning was one of those shambles that develop when a strong team knows it is beaten and won't admit it. Lefty MacCracken had been Greenport's trump card. They had played her and failed. The score was now eight to seven in favor of New Sharon.

Greenport began to take a lot of unneces-



"You need to call a plumber
— you've sprung a leak!"

sary precautions. They changed their base coaches. They complained about the softball. They looked over the bats and found two with cracks that had to be discarded. They insisted that the umpire deliver a lecture to Sandy on where to stand and how to pitch. He made a great show of instructing her, marking off the line with grandiose precision, saying that if she did not keep her feet back of it when she released the ball, he would have to do something more drastic than giving warnings.

"You've been getting away with too much in this game," he said.

Sandy wanted to retort, "You mean that homer I just scored?" but she kept quiet and warmed up for a knockout blow.

She was so angry that she hurled three pitches to strike the first batter out.

Greenport sent up a howl. "Keep your feet back of the pitching line!" the rooters shouted.

Sandy was not moved. She knew she was not stepping over the line. The next batter up was a hard-hitting girl who walloped the ball into the infield and reached first base. Another girl stepped up to bat.

Sandy wound up and let go a fast pitch that went right over the plate. It was a strike. Sandy delivered another fast one and again the umpire called, "Strike!"

The girl on first had her foot at the edge of the bag, tapping her toe impatiently. She expected the next to be a hit, and she was ready to run to second.

Sandy swung her arm up and down, using Bill's windmill technique and releasing the ball after a long windup. From the corner of her eye she saw the girl on first move just before she released the ball. She wondered if Bill had seen it, too. The batter swung and the umpire called, "Foul."

"Girl on first is out!" Bill shouted.

"Why?" screamed the Greenport girl who was coaching first base.

"She stepped off the bag before the ball left the pitcher's hands."

"I didn't see her do that."

Bill didn't answer. He called over to the plate umpire, "Girl on first goes out. That's two outs."

The Greenport umpire turned as if undecided to the scorer, but before he had a chance to say anything, the Greenport girl coaching first base ran over to him. There was some talk and the umpire shouted to Bill, "She says the girl didn't leave first until the pitcher released the ball."

Bill walked over. "This is my territory," he said. "What I say about first base goes."

"Not if someone says it isn't the truth."

Bill's jaw tightened. "I happen to be telling the truth," he said quietly.

"I can't call the girl on first out unless you've got proof."

"You don't have to call her out," Bill replied. "I called her out. That settles it. First base is my territory."

Pat Manero, who was playing first base for New Sharon, came into the discussion. "I saw that girl step off first base before the ball left Sandy's hands."

"You're from the same school," the Greenport umpire said, "so you'd naturally stick together."

Sandy couldn't keep out of the argument any longer. She ran up, calling, "I saw the girl on first step off too soon."

The Greenport umpire wheeled on her. "You stay out of this," he said. "You've gotten away with plenty this afternoon — stepping over that line!"

Keeping her anger under control, Sandy asked, "What has that to do with this play?"

"You keep out of this, I said," the umpire told her. He gave her a shove. Sandy almost lost her balance and just saved herself from sprawling in the dust.

Bill grabbed the boy by the shoulder and swung him around, pulling his sweater into a tight knot at the chest. "Don't speak to Sandy Herzog like that," he said.

"Why not?" the umpire sneered.

"Because I've watched you play favorites clear through this whole game. I kept quiet because I figured it wasn't my business. I didn't have any right to protest your judgment." Bill tightened his hold and pulled the boy closer. "But now you've started this yourself and I feel I've a right to finish it. Go back to your place and let our pitcher alone. Don't put your hands on her again." Bill let go of the Greenport boy, who then turned and walked docilely back to his position behind home plate. The two coaches relaxed, and the New Sharon girls took their places on the field.

Dodo stopped to talk to Sandy before she walked back to her catcher's position.

"Are you all right, Sandy?" she asked. "All you've got to do now is put one more batter out and the game is ours. It's an important pitch but I know you can do it. You're all right, aren't you?"

"I never felt better in my life," Sandy answered.

She went back to take her place behind that narrow line drawn by the umpire's foot in the dust and put the next batter out on three straight strikes.

Sandy waited in the kitchen for Bill to pick her up for the Starlight Dance. Bill was prompt. The wall clock said one

minute before seven thirty as his whistle rounded the corner of the house. When, looking very handsome in a new dark-blue suit, he threw open the screen door and saw Sandy, he stopped short.

"Sandy, you're a knockout in that dress!" he said.

It was a yellow dress, full-skirted for dancing, and Bill said it reminded him of waving yellow grasses in bright sunshine on a spring morning "out home." "You're sure pretty, Sandy," he said. "I'm glad you're my girl."

Sandy had more fun at the dance than she had dreamed possible. She exchanged partners with every girl on the softball team.

When the dance was over she and Bill were invited to join some of the couples who were going out to the Red Galleon for sandwiches. Here they danced in the small cleared space between the tables. Sandy found herself suddenly popular. This was not the same kind of popularity she had experienced at Elsie Sherman's. That had been because she could do square dances to perfection. This was different and it was strangely exciting.

All the boys were attentive. One even asked her for a date. He was a boy from Brighthaven who had come to the dance with Wendy Mason's sister. He moved his chair up to the table and asked her right in front of Bill.

"You're a lot of fun, Sandy," he said. "If I bring over my pal next Friday, will you get another girl and go on a double date?"

"Well, I should say not!" Sandy burst out in surprise. "I have a date with a horse named Lucky Lady."

Bill was still laughing at Sandy's retort when he turned the Peabody car down Gardner Street and pulled up in front of the sandlot.

He drew Sandy toward him. "Why didn't you accept that boy's invitation, Sandy?" he asked. "He seemed like a decent chap. Nice looking. Pleasant. I wouldn't have minded."

"You wouldn't have minded!"

"I wouldn't have the right to mind. You're an attractive young lady. Lucky Lady and Fred and I can't keep you all to ourselves."

"Well, I would have minded if you'd accepted such an invitation from a Brighthaven girl! Brighthaven! Of all places." She sat quietly beside him, looking out over the sandlot. Then, she said softly, "Bill, if you go back to Wyoming—I mean when you go back—will you remember all the good times we've had?"

He leaned down and kissed her. "I could never forget the good times or you either, Sandy."

"Wyoming must be a wonderful place," she said. "Just the name makes me want to see it."

"You'll see it someday, Sandy. You'll come out and meet my family. You'll meet my sister Jane who loves horses, too. You'll love the ranch."

"I want to see everything, just as you've described it." Then after a moment, "Do you think your mother would like me? I don't remember my own mother and I sort of hope your mother will like me."

"My mother likes you already, Sandy."

"Why, she doesn't even know me!"

"She knows you all right. I've taken care of that," he said, pulling a folded paper from his pocket. "I wrote my mother about you the other day. And I made a copy for you. Because I want you to know these things I think about you."

She opened the paper and while Bill held a flashlight for her, she read what he had written.



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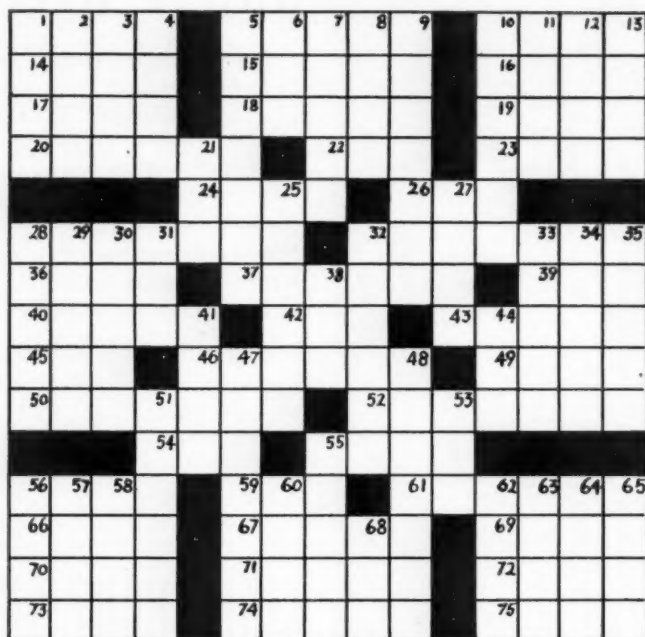
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CROSSWORD PUZZLE

by DR. HARRY LANGMAN



ACROSS

1. Strong affection
5. Tree
10. Therefore
14. Notion
15. Sea
16. Ripped
17. Kind, or species
18. Sinew
19. Heroic poem
20. Romantic meetings
22. Projecting part of a machine wheel
23. Advice or counsel
24. Engrave with acid
26. Electrified particle
28. Deeper part of a body of water
32. The opposite
36. Loose garment
37. Reject
39. Greek letter
40. Speak eloquently
42. Fish appendage
43. Verses
45. Rested
46. Be present at
49. Measure of distance
50. Parts of a garment

52. Burst forth

54. Precious stone

55. Metallic earths

56. Butter substitute (abbrev.)

59. Warm-weather drink

61. Very short time interval

66. Indian ascetic

67. Sins

69. Extent of surface

70. Units of energy

71. Hindu prince

72. Very great

73. Remainder

74. Snow vehicles

75. Otherwise

DOWN

1. A register of names or things
2. Aroma
3. To a great degree
4. Consumes
5. Ogre
6. High playing card
7. Roost
8. Molten rock
9. Foes
10. Forever (poetic)
11. Heavy cord
12. A grating used for cooking

13. At one time

21. A number

25. Rifts

27. Above

28. In bad humor

29. Pertaining to an hour

30. Lessen

31. Loosely woven mesh

32. Racer

33. Make payment

34. Inscribed pillar

35. Relieved (as from pain)

38. Scornful exclamation

41. Overhanging part of roof

44. Mischievous child

47. Anneals (as metal)

48. Gowns

51. Self-centered person

53. Utilize

55. Express a thought or idea

56. A hearing in open court

57. Learning

58. Breakfast food (plural)

60. Egg-shaped

62. Subterranean chamber

63. Spoken

64. Promontory

65. Fruit of a palm tree

68. Guided

For solution turn to page 46

There's a girl here I want to tell you about, Mother. I met her on a sandlot on the street where we both live. Right from the start I took to her because she was so natural and genuine. She plays a good game of softball. She loves horses. She likes people and people like her. She's the kind of girl you feel comfortable with. We have a lot in common.

I've been spending most of my time with her because she's so much fun. There are people we meet and like for awhile, but then they go one way and we go another. Sandy's the kind of girl who seems to grow right along with a fellow. Instead of going different ways, I feel sure we'll be going the same way for a long, long time.

I want you to know, Mother, how very fond I am of my sandlot Sandy!

She folded the paper and put it in the little clutch bag that had once been Marlene's. She felt choked up, as she looked out across the sandlot, gray and eerie in the half-light cast by the moon.

The place they nicknamed me after, she thought. She recalled, in a rush of memory, all the things that had happened to her right here. The early games of ball when she had learned to pitch. The afternoons with the Blue Devils and the Supermen. The long summer evenings of square dancing and playing games and eating ice-cream cones and yelling her head off until bedtime. She had met Bill here, and here tonight she had read his letter to his mother.

All the important things that have ever happened to me, she thought, have happened right here.

Turning her face toward Bill, she said, "I remember something you once told me, Bill. At Elsie Sherman's party."

"What was it?"

"Never underestimate the power of a sandlot." She smiled and put her hand in his. "After tonight, Bill, I never will!" THE END

Dear Good-Grooming Editor

(Continued from page 18)

gloves, in all your accessories. Dare to buy something that is really NEW—in fact that is really NEWS! Get yourself a reputation for being a "smart" dresser—and let the emphasis lie on trying to reflect the happiest part of you.

Practice looking more alert. To get vitality into your looks, take an interest in the world about you. Remember, a serious person can have twinkling eyes and a fine sense of humor.

Try devoting more of your "thinking time" to your friends and classmates; less on what they may think about you. Sure, it's important to be "in the swim" with friends, activities, clubs—but please, not wearing an everlasting grin! Trying to look perennially amused is not merely exhausting, it can leave you looking pretty grim. Accept the idea that you can be well liked without acting like a protracted bubble of joy.

Any girl alive can be desirable in this wonderful era of ours. Just let her make up her mind that she's going to work at it. Then, better watch out—stag line!

I think I have one of the most awful problems of any teen-ager. I am only thirteen but am already growing a mustache. I feel so embarrassed about this hair on my upper lip, but I don't dare do anything until I know what to do. The kids tease me about it, and I can't ignore it any longer. Should I apply some sort of a cream, and is it safe?

This problem pops up frequently in your letters, and the answer should be helpful to a number of you.

Everybody has down or fine hair all over their faces—even babies do. This "peach-hair" on the face imparts a softness and a bloom to the skin. It can become a nuisance when, in adolescence, it starts to grow in heavier and darker on the upper lip, or on the sides of the cheeks close to the hairline.

The thing to do is to bleach it. Bleaching lightens the hair; it does not remove it. But what could be better for upper-lip fuzz? Once bleached, it will hardly be visible, and you will have an entirely natural look.

You can buy either a ready-made "lightener" or you can make your own. It's simple. Use two tablespoons of 20-volume strength peroxide in a saucer, add six or seven drops of ammonia, and, if your skin is especially tender, add a couple of drops of olive oil. Apply the mixture with cotton and leave on your face for three to five minutes. Then wash it off with warm water. Repeat if necessary. If you feel a little stinging, rub on a dab of zinc oxide ointment.

As for using a cream depilatory on the face—the answer is "NO — A THOUSAND TIMES." The chemicals used in such creams can irritate delicate skin areas and cause burning; also, there's a real danger to eyes and mouth. And, to wind up the "don'ts"—never, never use your brother's razor on your face—unless you're aiming for a cheese-grater effect!

I am quite slim, except that I have a "rear end" that protrudes. I don't want to diet, as I am not overweight. I wish you'd send me some exercises to help slim down my buttocks, as I really do feel self-conscious about them.

A derriere that "trails" may be the result of bad posture. See if this is the case with you. Stand straight, flatten your lower back by tucking in your buttocks and tightening the muscles. At the same time, push forward lightly with your hips. Holding this position, start walking near a full-length mirror.

If you are still protruding, then your posture is not guilty. Lucky you, anyway, for you belong to an era where gymnastics are a science. Here are two exercises that give wonderful results providing you do them with Spartan regularity.

The first—and one of the best for prominent buttocks—is the "rocking horse." Sit on the floor on a clean rug, hugging your knees with your hands. Now tilt back, and let yourself roll backward until your shoulders are lying flat on the floor—while still holding on to your knees. Let the momentum swing you up forward again to your original position. Rock back and forth in this way about ten times. Stop for a few deep breaths—and then do an encore.

The second exercise is also a "rock." This time the rocking is from side to side, and the movements are designed not only to slim the buttocks but also the hips. Begin by sitting on the floor with your knees bent outward and the soles of your feet touching each other. Rest your hands on knees. Now press left knee down on the floor so that you are tipped over, balancing on your left hip; then press right knee down on the floor, so that you are balancing on your right hip. Bounce from side to side about ten times, pause for a few deep breathers, then start again. It's tough sledding, but the results will make it worth while.

THE END

THE AMERICAN GIRL



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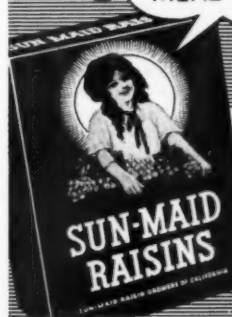
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weaken. My will is steadfast, even though I'm hungry a lot. Today at my music lesson, chocolate cakes and lemon pies were floating in front of my eyes. Mrs. Catagna stopped the lesson and scolded me roundly. She said, "Patricia, I am disappointed. I thought you loved music enough to work hard. I had even the hope for you to win the Grace Moore Scholarship next year, when you are a senior. I think to recommend you for it, but now I have the doubt."

The idea that I might have missed such a thrilling chance made me feel worse. It's a wonderful scholarship. Only one high school senior can compete from west Tennessee, one from middle and one from east Tennessee. It's a real honor and it would make it possible for me to go to the University of Tennessee if I won. You know Grace Moore was born in east Tennessee.

In weepy tones, I said that I do love music, and, like the three little kittens who lost their mittens, I began to cry again.

Mrs. Catagna looked at me unsympathetically. "So you love music?" she said with sarcasm. "But you love better to starve yourself and look fashionable and wear the glittering dress. Now you have no energy left for singing." She stamped her foot and the floor trembled. But not as much as I did. "Foolish one!" she shouted. "What is a dress if the voice is not fit for singing? What is a dress compared to a scholarship?" She raved on that music has to bubble up like water from a fountain, that it has to come from great vitality, a great enjoyment of life, or it is a poor, mechanical thing. And then she waved her hands as if to brush me and my diet into oblivion. She is the temperamental type, but she is a fine teacher, and I respect her.

Dear Janie, how I wish you were here. I never dreamed (a) how hard it is to lose fifteen pounds, or (b) how many people would make it their business to prevent my losing it. It really burns me up. I'm not Eisenhower, or even Mamie. It would seem a plain, private citizen, who never will be President, could eat as she pleased. Far from it. Even Doctor Malone wagged his finger at me yesterday in the drugstore. He offered to buy me some ice cream but I asked for a lemonade without sugar instead. He warned me that proper dieting under your doctor's supervision is all right up to a point, but I must be sure the diet is right for me and I must not carry it too far. He added that women can ruin their health with foolish dieting. If I have a nervous breakdown, dear Janie, it will be from too much advice rather than not enough food. I am really worried. But if I have lost the opportunity to try for the Grace Moore Scholarship, no silver dress, no size-twelve figure would be worth it.

Your worn-to-a-frazzle friend,
Pat Downing

Dearest Janie:

"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now." Nothing is going my way. But listen to this. Mrs. Catagna, to everyone's joy, announced that she is having a supper-dance after the recital. Very ultra. Each girl may invite her escort.

So, natch, I invited Sandy. He stalled, saying he might have to be in Knoxville and could he let me know in a couple of days! Can you imagine? So I said never mind, skip it, and walked off in a huff to invite Tim

Tresslar. He is no Adonis, but he sings in the choir with me, and he is a nice boy. He said he would be delighted. So there! I was sure the Knoxville business was a mere excuse, that Sandy wanted to wait and see if Lillian would ask him. And then who do you think he took to the ball game last Saturday? Agnes! Agnes Regan. They sat and ate peanuts and hot dogs all afternoon. Tim told me Sandy said he had a wonderful time.

Tim is a nice boy and knows how to appreciate an invitation. My one regret, and it certainly is a bitter one after all I've been through, is that now Sandy won't even see me in the white and silver!

Your ever-loving friend,
Pat Downing

Dearest Janie:

How melodramatic can you get? I mean can I get? (You never are melodramatic.) But this is what happened to me last night. There are only two more rehearsals before the recital so we are using the auditorium at the Women's Club where I think I told you the affair is to be held. I was walking to the rehearsal when I met Sandy. It gave me a turn, as I hadn't seen him since the day I invited him to the dance. He walked along with me and sat down in the back of the auditorium among the escorts and parents.

But later, when I was standing in the wings waiting to go on for my number, I saw him laughing and talking with Agnes, who sings a duet with Peter Foster in the second half of the program.

I was already upset because just as I was leaving home Father said that my new figure might be fashionable but that to him I looked like the last rose of summer. I was so hungry and nervous and unhappy, I had

a small tantrum and went out the door with a bang.

I have to admit I was in no state to sing my best to win a chance to compete for a scholarship. And now here was Sandy, who has been so queer and moody with me all these weeks, apparently having a fine time with Agnes Regan. Maybe she asked him to the recital, and not Lillian Davis after all! Suddenly I was sick of feeling half-starved, tired of not having pep enough to enjoy life, weary of quarreling with Sandy and fighting my family. Maybe it was meant for Lillian to be fragile and willowy and for me to be strong and athletic-looking, as Sandy had tried to tell me. He seemed to be having as much fun with plump, good-natured Agnes as he ever had with the ethereal Lillian.

I was so deep in thought Madame had to call me twice when my turn came to sing. I walked out on the stage and in the moment before the spotlight picked me up, I saw Sandy and Agnes still talking halfway down the auditorium. Then, in the glare of the spotlight, I couldn't see anything, but I imagined I could hear them laughing. They weren't even going to bother listening to me. Suddenly the auditorium seemed to be swimming under water. The notes of my song stuck in my throat. I couldn't sing; I couldn't breathe. I thought bitterly, I hope I'm satisfied. I've lost the scholarship! I've lost Sandy! I'll never wear the silver dress now!

The next thing I knew I was on the sagging couch in the dressing room and Sandy was rubbing my hands. Pretty soon Mrs. Catagna came in with a man-sized dose of spirits of ammonia and poured it down me.

I asked what had happened and Sandy said I had fainted, but now I was going to be all right. I started to sit up and Mrs. C. gently pushed me back. She said it was not the time to scold but that if I wanted to be in the recital, I must do as she said.

"I know," I said. "I'll never be so foolish again. I'll never diet unless my doctor tells me to and then only under his direction."

She looked from me to Sandy and began to laugh so that her big body shook like jelly. "No," she said, "I think you will not be the foolish girl any longer." She gave me careful directions for what I should eat for the next three days and said she hoped I hadn't lost my chance for the scholarship tryouts because of my foolishness.

But when I got up to go, holding on to Sandy's arm, she kissed me and said, "You must thank the dear God for health, and show your gratitude to Him by singing like a lark at the recital."

On the way home, Sandy was tactful. When we arrived, he said, "Look, Pat, I'm going to be in town the night of the recital after all. I know you're dated up, but Mrs. Catagna says I may come to her party as a stag."

So after all he will see me in the dress. Tim is a nice boy, more deserving than most, but strictly between us, there's just one Sandy.

When he was gone, I went in, much abashed, and apologized to my dear, long-suffering parents and told them I was not going to live on lettuce any longer. They were sweet to me and very relieved to learn the dieting was over. And I bet you, too, my darling Janie, will be overjoyed to hear the last of it.

Your happy, contented, and well-fed friend,
Pat Downing

Counting Rhyme for Going to Sleep Beside the Sea

by FRANCES FROST

Salt day gave your eyes
lovely things to keep.
Count them over while you lie
on the verge of sleep.

Beach plum, nannyberry,
crooked on the skies;
cranberry, sea-pink,
where the marsh hawk flies.

Poor man's weatherglass,
sea moss, mallow,
tall thin beach grass,
a blue heron's shadow.

Hardhack, goldenrod,
old ship lying
broken on the blue shells,
white gulls crying.

Count them over: you will sleep
till the gold sun's waking.
Dream now at the ocean's edge
to the long tide's breaking.

THE END

How to Keep Photo Diary (Continued from page 14)

remembering to roll the film after each picture, keeping the lens clean, and taking time to study the subject through the view finder.

"Your camera's like your eye—with blinders on the sides," Eric told us. "You can turn your eyes from side to side to scan a scene and decide which part of it you like best, but the camera's eye sees only straight ahead."

He explained this means that you must do the turning. You turn the camera around as you study the figures and the background through the view finder. "Be sure," he said, "to notice what's behind the people. If the background's all cluttered up, the shot will be a mess!"

Eric showed us lots of other things—like how to vary the camera angle on the people you're photographing. Sometimes you can take a "heliocopter" view, as if you were way above them—and sometimes a "worm's-eye" view. Such angle shots add variety, and often provide the only way to get rid of clutter in

the background. Or they can get a sky with clouds into the shot, or a sandy beach, or a pattern of lawn or stone terrace.

Eric warned us to watch our distance from the subject when we were taking a picture, too. We learned never to get closer than the minimum distance we'd set the camera for, and at the same time not to back off so that the subject was just a flyspeck on a background.

Of course, all summer we were outdoors. Eric laughed at our fear of trying indoor shots. And he was right. We found that with a simple flash attachment we could make indoor pictures at any time of day. And we didn't just concentrate on the big special occasions, because for a diary you want the everyday things that will be fun to remember in years to come.

We love our diaries. I wish I could show you all the pictures I have in mine!

THE END

Books (Continued from page 4)

great suffering of both her parents. Under the spoiled little girl, however, there was in Linda, strength, intelligence, and courage. Gradually she began to accept the irrevocable and to fight her way to a new life. At last she could share her mother's burden of hard work and loneliness, once again take part in school affairs, invite her friends to her home, and even visit her father. Chastened, made more sensitive by her own troubles, she could understand and lend a hand to others in difficulty. Then, unfortunately, she slipped back and had to go through the whole process again when her father returned from prison. This story of the development of a pampered youngster into a fine, mature woman through the refining fires of a searing experience is the author's first novel; she has handled it well, honestly, and sincerely. Linda is a real person and the way in which she surmounts a devastating situation cannot help but hold the interest.

HOW TO PLAY BASEBALL. By M. G. BONNER. Alfred A. Knopf, \$2.00. This is a practical, easy-to-follow guide for young readers who want to learn about America's favorite sport. Though it is written for boys who want to learn to play or to improve at their game, it will be equally interesting to those girls who play themselves or root for their favorite school or Little-League teams. Every position on the team is described fully and discussed, with interesting tips and suggestions for the young player. Clear diagrammatic drawings illustrate and explain the text. The official baseball rules are included in simplified form and there is a glossary of words and terms that have come to be known as the language of baseball.

WASHINGTON HOLIDAY. By ELEANOR EARLY. Prentice-Hall, \$3.95. If your family, your troop, or your class is planning a visit to Washington, you will want to read this book before you go or take it with you on your trip. If no such exciting event is in the offing for you, here's an excellent way to enjoy the fun of an armchair visit to the Capital. Writing in a gay and intimate style, Eleanor Early succeeds in giving her readers

the impression that they are actually seeing Washington under the wing of an interesting, well-informed, and experienced guide. There is much information about hotels and restaurants, excellent advice on what to see and do, and when and how best to see it and do it for utmost pleasure and comfort. Historical and biographical data, interesting little-known facts, bits of gossip, vivid descriptions give life and color to all the famous and a few less well-known Washington spots.

THE DIFFERENT ONE. By PAULINE H. COLEMAN. Dodd, Mead and Company, \$2.75. Small, hazel-eyed, and freckled, fifteen-year-old Ella, eldest daughter in the fair, blue-eyed Dillon family, convinces herself that she must have been adopted. Sometimes she resolves to make the family glad and proud they have adopted her. More often she is moody and tearful and difficult, worrying her parents, quarreling with her sister. Her best friends, Maddy and Nan, have dates and even her young sister has boys flocking around her. Even when Ella wins permission to date and to wear the spike heels of which her parents disapprove, she finds herself a wallflower. "Be yourself, El," her college brother tells her. But it is hard to know what her self is, when she is so different from her family and friends. It takes a lot of patience, love, and understanding to set Ella right about herself, her family, and her attitude toward being adopted. Far from existing alone in a strange, relationless country as many storybook heroines do, Ella belongs to a remarkably lifelike, average American family. You can't help a feeling of sympathy for poor Mr. and Mrs. Dillon, trying to chart a smooth course for the four young Dillons. Ella's story may give you a new understanding of your parents and a deeper appreciation of your family. For it is no wonder at all that Ella, "the different one," is amazingly "just like" thousands of girls who will read this book.

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PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA: I am speaking for all the girls who enjoy interior decorating, and I know there are many. Maybe when you got the idea for your wonderful magazine you didn't have this in mind but I think it would be great to have articles on decorating our rooms and guest rooms. That's what I'm doing now and looking for teen-age ideas and can't find many.
MARGIE NICHOLS (age 13)

NEW QUAY, WALES: I am a Welsh girl and I am writing to say how much I enjoy reading your magazine. My sister has been getting it from her pen friend for over a year now, and we look forward to receiving it very much. I think the stories and articles are super. I particularly liked the serial *Cargo for Jennifer* and "To Balance the Scale..." and *Carnival Night*.

I think your fashions are lovely—it is a great pity that we do not have ones like them in this country.

New Quay, where I live, is a very small town—there are only 1,200 inhabitants. I go to Aberayron County Secondary School, which is seven miles from where we live. I am in the highest grade, and I specialize in the following subjects—French, Italian, English, and history.

Thank you for bringing out such a wonderful magazine.
SUSAN JONES (age 16)

OXFORD, KANSAS: I believe that *First Dance* is about the best story I've read yet in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I hope that you will have more like it in the near future. I am also enjoying *Hits and Horses*.

I am interested in sports. We have a girls' basketball team and baseball team in school. I love being a spectator, too.

DIANE KINKAID (age 12)

HAMBURG, GERMANY: I would like to say to you how glad I am about *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, which I received as a present from my pen pal Mary Wilson. I like this magazine as well as I did the year before. I appreciate being able to read every month about things which happen over there and which are very interesting to me.

As I am attending a commercial school here in Hamburg, where we are learning commercial English especially, it is always very nice to read for a change such stories as are in your magazine. Thanks to *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and the American girl who is my friend in your country! I am obliged to you both for giving me an opportunity to know your home as well as it is possible.

MONIKA KELLER

BEDFORD, OHIO: I liked the story *First Dance* and wish you would put more stories like that in the magazine. I also liked *Cooking*

with *Judy*. I made the cookies and got so many compliments that I am going to make them again, soon.
ARDITH SOHM (age 12)

TOMAH, WISCONSIN: I simply love your scrumptious fashions and tips on good grooming. I really look forward to your advice on looks because I find they help me improve some of the bad points about my skin, etc. Also I used to be so shy and timid until I tried some of your techniques on poise, personality, and conversation. Your stories really appeal to me and most of my best girl friends. I especially liked *First Dance*. It is interesting to know how boys feel about dances and girls. In all, I salute *THE AMERICAN GIRL*! Hurray!
DOROTHY JUNE JENSEN (age 14)

GEESTHACHT, GERMANY: I read some of your magazines (I got them from a classmate who writes to an American girl) and I found them really wonderful. I enjoyed all your stories, especially I was interested in the nice fashions.

I am in the eighth grade of high school. The languages we learn are: English, French, and Latin.

Geesthacht, the town I live in, is not far away from the big town, Hamburg. Geesthacht is a small town but has a nice view.

My hobbies are fashions, ballet, music, and all sorts of sports—especially tennis.

URSULA KOSZCZOWSKY (age 15)

ELMHURST, NEW YORK: Congratulations on your keen beauty tips, lovely dresses, and play clothes.

I especially enjoy *By You* because it gives the subscribers a sense of feeling a part of their own teen-age magazine. *Teen Shop Talk* is interesting and keeps us posted on the latest fads or fashions.

In the April issue, *First Dance* was magnificent and *Flutes and Drums* was very exciting. *Cooking with Judy* was the best I had ever read in recipes. The how-to-do section is a fine addition to your already wonderful magazine.
ANN McDERBY (age 12)

LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND: Being a Girl Guide, I am very interested in your Girl Scouts' page, and I like to compare your badges with ours. Over here in England we have nothing to compare with your magazine. I would like to thank my pen pal, Maryann Beckwith, very much for paying for my subscription for me for this year. By the way, my pen pal lives in Connecticut, and I attend Bootle Grammar School near Liverpool.

Your fashions are just wonderful I think. So do all my friends at school because your magazine goes right around our form.

In this issue I enjoyed Edith Ballinger Price's story *Bobo and the Sit-zens Commit-*

tee. I would like some articles on swimming, too, as I am a keen swimmer, myself.

KATHLEEN WHITE (age 14)

BEREA, OHIO: I was especially interested in your April issue because of the story *Champion on Wheels*. I am a roller skater at Berea Roller Rink and enjoy it very much. My girl friends are skaters, also, and we all wish that you would have more stories on roller skating or tips on skating.

MARY LOU SPEER (age 13)

FAIRBANKS, ALASKA: I just received the March issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I thought the cover was simply darling. I liked the stories *Number One Run*, *Hits and Horses*, and *Bobo and the Sit-zens Committee*. Last week, Girl Scout Week, my troop put on a play. It was based on the idea of *Bobo and the Sit-zens Committee*.

I think the *By You* section is a wonderful opportunity for us girls to show our talents in the arts and I enjoy it very much. I also think most of the fashions are very cute. I wish you would have more Fashion I.Q's.

GAIL MAURER (age 10)

ELMHURST, ILLINOIS: I can not tell you how much I enjoy your magazine and how much I look forward to it. Your stories are wonderful! I think *Hits and Horses* is especially good. I also enjoyed *First Dance*.

Although I am in Horizon Club, which is a part of the Camp Fire Girls, I still enjoy reading your Girl Scout news.

My hobbies are swimming, horseback riding, cooking, and playing the piano.

How about some articles on medical technicians or another article on teaching like the fine one you had a few months past? Congratulations for a fine magazine.

KATHY FOSS (age 14)

HULL, ENGLAND: *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is the best magazine I have ever read. It makes very interesting reading, and there is always a variation on the cover which most magazines lack.

It is nice to read letters from different countries in *A Penny for Your Thoughts*, but I think we ought to write not only of our likes and dislikes about *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, but of the things that happen in and around our lives and homes. One or two of the writers do and I think their letters brighten up the whole page. At the office where I work everyone is nice and friendly and also full of fun.

I like the pictures of Girl Scouts on horseback for I love horses. What a wonderful life Girl Scouts have—with America's climate you can do almost anything. Good wishes to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

PATRICIA ANN ELLIS (age 15)

KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN: I am writing this as a fan of Bill Timmins, the illustrator of *Hits and Horses*. I enjoy the story immensely and the illustrations really add to it. It seems a shame that the people who draw the pictures don't get mentioned more often.

Congratulations on your feature *Cooking with Judy*. It really had some helpful suggestions.

I wish that you would have a section of ideas for a nonholiday party for boys and girls.

SUSAN VAN RIPER (age 13)

INFIELD, ENGLAND: I have been receiving *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for two years now. My cousin Jane, in Auburn, New York, sends me a year's subscription at Christmas. It is one of the best presents I have ever had.

Your last serial *Remembered Island* was good, but *Hits and Horses* is even better. I can't wait for the next installment. Of all the stories in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* I think Betty Cavanna's are the best.

I like your fashions and dress patterns, but I wish you would print some knitting patterns because I knit most of my own sweaters.

I enjoy reading the letters in *A Penny for Your Thoughts* because it is amazing how many people, all over the world, read *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I'm not the only English girl who reads your magazine because when I've finished with it, I pass it on to my friends. As soon as I get to school there is a mad rush for it. In England we have good magazines but none so good as *THE AMERICAN GIRL*!

BARBARA ASHTON (age 15)

PALATINE, ILLINOIS: I am a Girl Scout of Troop 106 in Palatine. I would like to compliment you on an absolutely superb magazine for teen-agers. I especially like the how-to-do section because I like crafts work. Would it be possible to have some articles on science?

BROWNLEE MCKEE (age 13)

CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND: I love most of the stories and articles about fashion and beauty tips. I like most of the fashions but some I think are not very nice. I love reading *A Penny for Your Thoughts*, *Jokes*, and, although I am not a Girl Guide, I enjoy reading *All Over the Map*.

My hobbies are music, ballet dancing, ice skating, swimming, tennis, hockey, and netball.

Thank you for a wonderful magazine. I don't know where I could find one to equal it.

DIANA SKJELLERUP (age 14)

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA: I simply adore *THE AMERICAN GIRL*! I have my likes and dislikes about it though. I like the stories and *By You*. I wish there were more Fashion I.Q.'s and Fashion Do's and Don'ts. Most of the covers are fine, but I object to the ones showing older girls. I think most of the girls who take this splendid magazine are in their early teens and would like to see girls their own age.

I am a Girl Scout of Troop 367 and *THE AMERICAN GIRL* has helped me with lots of badges.

MARY-ELEN BARBER (age 14)

SCHLADMING, AUSTRIA: Yesterday I received three numbers of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* of my pen pal in Latrobe, Pennsylvania, Peggy Green. I think this magazine is the best one for girls, and I'm glad I could understand it so well. I'm a very, very letter-hungry girl and so I love to write to my wonderful Peggy in Latrobe. It's my greatest wish to meet Peggy in America.

I live here in Schlading very far away

THE AMERICAN GIRL

TOPS with TEENS



dizzy doings! Give a "Come As You Are" party! Invite your guests by phone, and ask them to come wearing what they were when you called—ready for bed, washing hair, or dressed for a date!



lively library! Cover your books with oilcloth, colored paper, or scraps of material. Then paint or sew on titles and designs. Protects books you lend, makes your bookcase more decorative, too!



swap shop! Have some accessories you're tired of wearing? Your friends probably have, too. So why not trade—"even-Steven"! Wonderful way to give your wardrobe a lift!

TIPS for TEENS!

New booklet "Growing Up and Liking It" explains menstruation... has new features on beauty and health. Send for your copy—free from the makers of Modess Sanitary Napkins and Belts.



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YOUR PAINTING OF THE MONTH



L'ARLÉSIENNE

by Vincent van Gogh

● The excitement of Van Gogh's canvases is in their reds, oranges, and blacks, in their bold brush strokes rapidly set down. This masterpiece was completed in an hour. "L'Arlésienne" means "woman of Arles," a town in the south of France where the artist achieved his individual technique. The painting has a poster quality, with its dignified figure set against a vivid yellow background. You will enjoy owning a full-color print of the portrait, which now hangs in the Metropolitan Museum.

● Vincent van Gogh (1853-1890) was born in Holland of a family of art dealers and ministers. Of rare sensitivity, he was unable to adapt himself to a conventional life. At times he endured extreme poverty and illness. His brother Theo supported him while he studied painting in Paris. In his less than ten years of creative work, Van Gogh produced paintings that reflect the intensity of his inner conflict, the power of his imagination, and his eager search for beauty. He died at the age of thirty-seven.

HOW TO OBTAIN YOUR PAINTING-OF-THE-MONTH

To get your own 11" x 14" full-color reproduction of this painting, send 25¢ in coin or stamps to Paintings, AMERICAN GIRL Magazine, 135 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y. Be sure to identify each painting you order by its title and name of the artist. Write your name and address clearly. IF YOU ARE A GIRL SCOUT, you may order through your troop. Ask your leader about the special advantages of a troop order.

Watch for THE PAINTING-OF-THE-MONTH in July!

from the big world, and sometimes I think that I must run out of this tedious village. So you can think that I'm happy to read about the womanly youth in your good, beautiful AMERICAN GIRL. The magazine is full of good advice for the girls, and I'm delighted about the different dresses for the "teen-age."

Thanks for the advice about *Head Lines*. I have a short nose and so I use curls at the back of my neck and it's just for me.

I love America, the American nation, and the American "teen-age."

ELFRIEDE KOLLNER (age 13)

SPOKANE, WASHINGTON: I am only eleven years old and I enjoy the magazine as much as any older girl. I like to write stories and poetry and to draw pictures. I've had some of my stories and poems and one picture put in the city newspaper. I like the *By You* part of the magazine because you can show your skills.

I think that THE AMERICAN GIRL is a very good magazine because it really does show a way of bringing girls of other countries and American girls together. We learn to understand each other better through THE AMERICAN GIRL.

I also think that the way you encourage girls toward good grooming helps make your magazine a success. I like the fashions and beauty ideas you have in your magazine. I thoroughly enjoy THE AMERICAN GIRL.

ARLIS RIGGERS (age 11)

Please send your letters to The American Girl, 135 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y., and tell us your age and address

Incident on a Train

(Continued from page 13)

glove from her right hand, groped again in her bag for the ticket, and slipped it under the velvet cording on the seat ahead of her. The conductor was joking with the girls across the aisle.

Annette Marie became conscious that the tall, thin woman was staring at her again. Annette Marie's breath caught in her throat. Suddenly she was sure the woman *knew*. And she was going to do something about it. She had risen from her seat.

Annette Marie, watching out of the corners of her eyes, saw her step out into the aisle. Then she crossed and began talking to the women behind Annette Marie. They spoke in low, excited whispers, but Annette Marie couldn't hear what they said.

Her hands tightened on the magazine. Although she couldn't hear what the women were saying, she *knew* what it was . . . as if they were speaking in clarion tones that echoed down the dusty car.

"Trying to pass herself off for white! Well, we don't have to stand for it . . ."

The conductor, having collected all the tickets, had taken a seat in the forward part of the car, where he was sorting and counting the colored bits of pasteboard. The tall, angular woman, clutching at the backs of the seats to steady herself, was weaving down the aisle toward him.

"It won't be long now," Annette Marie told herself grimly. He and the woman would come bearing down upon her in what they

considered righteous indignation. They would tell her she was in the wrong car. She should know better than to try to pass herself off as white.

Annette Marie braced herself for what was to come. She, who had followed the porter carrying her bags down the aisle, was now going to be forced to scramble up on the seat, haul down the luggage, and carry it as best she could as she stumbled through the swaying cars to the rear one.

The woman with the cold gray eyes was speaking rapidly. The conductor, first looking surprised, then reluctant, and at last resigned, got to his feet. They started up the aisle. The two women behind Annette Marie were whispering excitedly.

Annette Marie laid the magazine on the seat beside her. No use to hide behind it anymore. She fastened the jacket of her suit, brushed an imaginary piece of lint from her skirt, smoothed it over her knees. Any minute now . . . any minute . . .

The angry woman and the conductor were only a few feet away. Any moment the deep, flooding humiliation would be upon her, engulfing her . . . pushing her back completely into the old shyness and fear . . . wiping out the last vestige of the self-assurance she had worked so hard to gain.

An excited squeal jerked Annette Marie upright. Betty was coming toward her with outstretched hands, dropping down on the seat beside her, not even bothering to move the magazine.

"How are you?" Betty was asking. "When did you get on the train? I didn't see you. . . Play up!" she hissed, as she took Annette Marie's cold hands in her own warm ones. "To think you were on the train and I didn't know it!" Betty's excited voice was raised, for the woman and the conductor were very close now.

They stopped beside the seat. Betty looked up inquiringly. "What is it, Mr. Quimbly? Did I forget to give you my ticket? I'm such a scatterbrain!"

"I've got your ticket all right, Miss Betty," Mr. Quimbly said awkwardly. "It's this young lady . . ."

"You mean my friend?" Betty squeezed Annette Marie's hands. "Didn't you give Mr. Quimbly your ticket, honey?"

"So the young lady is a friend of yours, Miss Betty," Mr. Quimbly said, not trying to disguise the relief in his voice.

"Of course," Betty said sweetly.

Mr. Quimbly turned coldly to the woman. "I guess that makes it all right, Madam. Miss Betty's father is Governor of this State. She's been traveling back and forth with me since she was in pigtails. Maybe you'd like to apologize to the other young lady."

"Apologize? Whatever for?" Betty's blue-eyed innocence was disarming. "What's the trouble?"

The woman's face was scarlet. "Everyone makes mistakes," she blustered. "Nothing has been said or done that needs an apology."

Annette Marie jerked her hands away from Betty's and got to her feet. She controlled her voice as well as she could, but her lips twitched nervously.

"There is no mistake," she said. "I am a Negro and I am proud of it, but I shouldn't have stayed in this car when the porter through error left me here. I should have obeyed the regulation. I thought I couldn't face having to follow him to a rear car with all of you staring and whispering, but now I know I could not remain in this car and keep my self-respect."

She began to pull the bags down from the overhead rack.

"Here! I'll help!" Betty's voice was warm. Together, amid a dead silence, the girls carried the luggage down the aisle, past the staring people, to the rear car. People stared here, too, but not unkindly. Betty and Annette Marie found a vacant seat.

"Thank you," Annette Marie said huskily. "I'll never forget."

"You don't remember me," Betty said quietly, "but I know you. You're a freshman in my college. You won the debate for your class this spring. I recognized you when I got on the train. I thought at first that everything was going to be all right. Then I saw those women whispering, and I knew one of them was going to make trouble. I didn't want you to be hurt. I tried to help. You could have stayed, you know. Why did you do what you did?"

"Because . . ." Annette Marie began. She hoped Betty would understand.

In her mind's eye, as she talked, she was seeing again the president of the Eastern college standing on the platform of the big auditorium, about to begin his welcoming speech. Annette Marie, self-conscious because she was the only Negro in the audience, thought that, as his blue eyes traveled over the sea of young faces before him, he had singled her out when he said:

"Many of you before me are of different nationalities and races. I want you to remember that it will be up to you to make others respect and admire you. Not only you, as an individual, but the nationality or race which you represent."

"It isn't always going to be easy for you. You will meet with old prejudices. Sometime you may find yourself in a situation where it might be easier to repudiate your nationality or race. Never do this. We, in this college, want and hope to build in you a pride in yourself as an individual, and a pride and deep respect for your people. We want you always to remember that you are their representative. It is a heavy burden to place upon your shoulders. We hope that you will make yourselves worthy to carry it . . ."

Annette Marie felt Betty's hand close over hers again.

"So now you know why I had to leave the car," Annette Marie ended simply. "Suddenly, I hated myself for being weak and letting the old feeling engulf me again. I hated myself for being a coward and not admitting at once to the porter that I was a Negro and under present regulations didn't belong in that car. But when that woman came with the conductor, something snapped inside of me. And I knew that, if I stayed, what I had said, and meant with all my heart in the debate I won, would have been false. I am a Negro, but as a good representative of my race I should abide by the rules. They may be changed some day, but until they are, I shall obey them."

"They will be changed," Betty assured her warmly. "People like you will help to change them. What you did was a fine thing. Prexy will be proud of you."

She went back to her friends and Annette Marie settled down for the few stations left of her short journey.

As the train pulled away, Annette Marie stood watching the rapidly passing windows. Betty was there, waving, her face pressed against the dusty pane. Annette Marie smiled and waved back, and turned to meet her parents.

THE END

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him a trick you picked up in the kitchen... a trick that makes cleaning white-wall tires easy. It's S. O. S., of course! Point out that S.O.S. eliminates the old-fashioned bucket and brush... because S. O. S. has soap in every pad. That soap, plus sturdy fibres, literally wipes off road grime, grease and scuff-marks.



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Try a Date with Dad! (Continued from page 17)

wrong. Besides failing a test, she said the wrong thing at the wrong time to a friend.

Considering how best to employ their feminine wiles on their dads, these three decided to ask them out for an occasional date. That gets Dad on daughter's level. What happens then? He himself grows younger, and he realizes that she is growing up.

But now—what kind of a date? Dancing? Ridiculous! Impossible! He wouldn't even think of it!

Oh, no?

Well, let's see. Recently the girls of Mamaroneck, New York, High School gave the "dancing date" a try. They discovered it was neither a crazy idea nor a flop. With a smooth band, eye-catching decorations, interesting door prizes, and hilarious intermission acts by dads and daughters, it turned out to be the gala event of the school year. The fathers even helped plan it. Excitement ran high for weeks in advance.

Linda, an exuberant echo for the gang, says: "They really knew how to keep time to the music. And we were cut in on more than at regular dances. It was fun!"

It's true the fathers weren't precisely ballroom artists, nor seasoned socialites. Susie reported she had a tough time selling her dad on the idea at all. He was a wiz at handling high-tension wires all day on his job, but crowds of young girls scared him to death. At the last moment he pretended he was getting a cold and tried to beg off. "I felt like a monster," Susie declared. "And then, what do you know—after the first dance he had the time of his life!"

Marge's father is a scientist, wedded to his test tubes. He resisted the whole idea, then he finally weakened before his daughter's "Aw, come on Dad, please!" He vowed he'd start home at eleven sharp.

Marge grins. "Why, at eleven he was just warming up!"

Some of the girls were as dubious as their dads. Would they be at ease? They found they were. "Dads are human, aren't they?" one girl commented afterward. "Hey! Who taught my dad the rumba?"

Now, in this one town, the dad-daughter dance is listed as an annual affair. It has somehow changed the climate of things and certainly for the better.

There's Marcia, for instance. Her dad always shadowed her like a Presidential bodyguard. He thought she needed chaperoning day and night. "He grew up in the Old

World," she explains. At the dance she had prearranged for him to meet the fathers of two of her girl friends. The men had a good talk around the punch bowl. Modern American customs were well hashed over, and Marcia's dad got a new point of view. Chaperoning for Marcia soon ended.

For Cindy, a dad-daughter dance wasn't quite the answer. It was during summer vacation, when most of the gang were away, that she and her father had a violent rift. Papa Bear had been cracking the whip. Defiance, even tears, didn't accomplish a thing. Cindy decided that a date with him might. She deliberately picked a week end when her mother was away, and suggested they go together to the State fair.

"It worked like magic," she laughs. "Dad was a different man on a spree!" Carefree and happy, they still managed, somewhere along the line, to discuss very calmly such matters as baby-sitting, curfews, boy dates. The deadlock was broken. Cindy not only got an extension of the time for getting home from parties; she got a new look at some of Dad's motives, and realized that he had her happiness at heart.

There are other important "dad angles." Elissa, a young and budding artist, should know. A tomboy long before she became a charming debutante, she grew up stubbing her toe with the gang or with the neighbors. Dad was the fellow who always got her off the hook. She cultivated him as her most important friend. "He has no equal in diplomacy," she says. "He has good advice, too, on boys, jobs, budgets, career-picking, almost everything!"

To what better time-tested, reliable man can a girl turn so easily as to Dad? That is, if she understands him, and he understands her? Questions about boys can't be answered by other girls, and even Mother isn't always sure.

That cute guy with the marshmallow adjectives. "Is it a line, or on the level?" Or the boy who demands all your time and your allegiance? Is the idea good or bad? More dates with Dad may solve the problem of what wears well in males.

Sure, Dad may seem difficult and unreasonable at times. He's human, like everyone else. But if you learn really to understand him, to be friends with him and have fun with him, you can achieve a warm relationship that will bring joy to both of you.

THE END

VACATION SPECIAL

● Get aboard the July AMERICAN GIRL for the beginning of "The Water Witch" by Annette Turngren, a new six-part serial about a movie company on location; a beautiful, high-spirited mare; the young man who trained her; and the girl visitor who finds herself mixed up with mystery and danger in the mesas and mountains of Arizona. Insure your vacationtime glamour through your favorite beauty expert's advice in "Beauty in the Sun" by Glynne. Help yourself to ideas for summer entertaining in "How to Build a Back-Yard Fireplace," "Cooking with Judy," which features outdoor cookery, and "A Posy Party" by Ida M. Pardue. Forget the heat as chills run down your spine reading "Prowlers in the Night" by Gladys V. Bauer. Enjoy the cooling breezes of lake or ocean as you test for yourself whether "Water Skiing Is Easy!" by Buddy Landess.

each. Top with meat, then with cheese. Bake 12 to 15 minutes in hot (425°) oven.

"For a picnic away from home, you might use one of the canned luncheon meats for the pizzas. Grate the cheese at home. On a hot day it is better not to add the water to your biscuit mix until you are ready to cook."

"What's going on down there?" called a voice from the top of the stairs.

"Come down and see," Judy answered. "It's my brother, Jim," she told Miss Sanderson.

"Oh, boy, those look as good as they smell," Jim looked hungrily at the rolls and biscuits. "You girls whip up some more food—I'll tend the fire."

"All right, but be sure to keep it as high as the tops of the ovens, and constant. Judy and I will get the rest of the food ready in the kitchen and bring it down for cooking."

In the kitchen, Miss Sanderson told Judy, "We will mix a meat loaf right in the cooking pan—just as you would outdoors—to save dishes. This recipe calls for dry milk and oatmeal. Your mother's cookbook also has recipes that use regular or evaporated milk, and bread crumbs or ready-to-eat cereals instead of oatmeal. For reflector-oven cooking it is best to make small loaves—they cook quicker."

"Another thing. When you use a reflector oven, I'd avoid recipes that call for raw pork, which you must be very sure is cooked thoroughly. It takes too long in a reflector."

MEAT LOAF

1 pound ground beef	1 teaspoon salt
½ cup uncooked oatmeal	½ teaspoon pepper
½ cup chopped onion	½ cup water or tomato juice
½ cup dry milk solids	

Mix thoroughly all ingredients except the liquid. Add liquid and mix well. With wet hands, shape into one large loaf or several small loaves about 3" long and 1" thick. Bake in moderate oven (350°) 45 minutes.

Sauce: Use one can of condensed soup—celery, mushroom, tomato. Pour over meat before baking. Or heat and serve separately at table.

"Precooked ham is something else, however," Miss Sanderson went on. **HAWAIIAN HAM** is a natural for this kind of cooking. Place a one-inch slice of precooked ham in a baking pan. Lay slices of canned pineapple on the ham, and canned sweet potatoes on top of the pineapple. Cook fifteen to twenty minutes, in moderate oven, basting with pineapple juice."

"Mmmm, I can smell it now! What about a **MEAT PIE?** Could we cook that outdoors?"

"We certainly could. You're catching on fast. Here is an easy recipe. Put canned beef stew in a baking pan and dot the top with biscuits made from our mix or your own recipe. Bake twelve to fifteen minutes in a quick oven. Here is a good trick to remember: Heat the pan of stew in the oven and drop the dough on when the stew is hot. That way the biscuits won't be soggy."

"I have another idea. For dessert, could we bake a cobbler? I've watched Mother make them. They're like the meat pie—only different."

"You're so right," Miss Sanderson laughed. The same, only different. A cobbler would be fine. A slightly different one with a delicious flavor is called **GINGERBREAD-APPLESAUCE COBBLER**. Half fill a baking pan with canned or homemade applesauce, and heat it in the oven. Then dot with teaspoonfuls of ginger-

bread dough made from half a box of gingerbread mix. Use the cooky recipe on the box. Bake until the gingerbread is done."

"I was hoping you would mention cake mixes. Which are best to use for outdoor cooking?"

"The simpler the better. Those that do not need an icing or topping are best—gingerbread, chocolate, or spice cake."

"Why, now I have a whole meal I can cook in a reflector oven," exclaimed Judy.

"Hold on! A good rule for beginners is to plan for only one dish to be cooked at the picnic. Bring the rest of the food ready to eat. For instance, the meat loaf might be the main dish, with hamburger buns to hold the slices of meat; a salad, pickles, beverage, cookies. With the pizzas, you might have a tossed green salad, olives, a beverage, and maybe marshmallows toasted over the dying coals. You can plan your own menus along those lines."

"I notice, Miss Sanderson, that you give oven temperatures with the recipes. Why?"

"Because they can all be cooked in your regular oven as well as in front of a fire."

"Then I'll add these to my file of **AMERICAN GIRL** recipes. It's beginning to look very impressive."

"That's fine, Judy. I hope our readers will send us their recipes for things to cook in a reflector oven, for the issue later on which will feature our readers' favorite recipes of all kinds.* For each recipe printed in that issue we will pay five dollars. We will be glad to answer questions about cooking, too. Not with a personal reply, but one or two in each issue of the magazine."

"Hey, aren't you ready to cook the rest of the stuff?" Judy's brother called.

"Be right down—don't eat up all the rolls!" answered Judy. "We'll have a picnic supper downstairs tonight, Miss Sanderson. Won't you stay?"

"I'd love to. Every good cook puts something of herself into the food she prepares. I noticed you shook a little of your mother's herb salt into the sauce for the meat loaf, and I want to try it."

Jim had kept the fire going well, and appetizing odors were soon coming from the ovens before the fireplace.

"How about making me one of these ovens, Jim?" asked Judy. "An article in the April **AMERICAN GIRL** tells how."

"Will do," her brother agreed. "And I'll be your best customer."

"Next month we will be using an outdoor fireplace for another kind of outdoor cooking," said Miss Sanderson. "This time for large groups: things like barbecues, corn roasts, with some favorites from different parts of the country. Don't figure on feeding all your friends, though, Jim. Judy and I will be doing a kind of trial run with small amounts, so she will know how to prepare the food in large quantities, say for twenty-five or thirty people."

"A few weeks ago I'd have been petrified at the idea," Judy said. "But thanks to you, Miss Sanderson, now I can't wait! How many weeks to July?"

THE END

*Send your Reflector-Oven recipes to the Cooking Editor, THE AMERICAN GIRL Magazine, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y. Recipes must be mailed by June 25. All recipes become the property of THE AMERICAN GIRL and cannot be returned.

Fun with a Flavor!



Let the whole family in on the fun of home canning while strawberries are at their juiciest best! Dad and the children can easily hull and wash the berries. Later they'll enjoy eating them more because they helped with the canning!

You'll find dozens of uses for your home-canned strawberries, in shortcakes, tarts, topping for ices, etc. And try this easy-to-do . . .

STRAWBERRY-RHUBARB CONSERVE

1 Quart Strawberries 1 Quart Rhubarb
7 Cups Sugar

Cap berries and cut unpeeled rhubarb into ½ inch slices before measuring. Add sugar. Cook slowly until sugar dissolves, then boil rapidly until thick. Pour, boiling hot, into hot BALL Jars. Then seal with BALL Dome Lids—the enamel lining and red rubber seal will protect the goodness and flavor of all your home canning.

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Girls of Troop 38, St. Cloud, Wisconsin, display some of the attractive package designs which this troop creates each year for their city's annual Christmas Seal sale



☀ JUNE MAKES HER BOW, and Girl Scouts everywhere are making plans for summer fun and projects. Camping and camping trips are always one of their most enjoyable activities.

The members of Troop 20 of Arlington, Virginia, began their outdoor experiences in their early Scouting days with Backyard Camper activities. Troop-camp week ends and established camping gave them added experience, and then they were ready for their first primitive camp trip.

With their leaders, the girls went by bus to "Green Oak," an estate near Kingsville, Maryland, where they had been invited to camp. Their campsite was in a large meadow bordering a woods, with a lake and running stream. The girls pitched their pup tents; lashed a table and other facilities for the kitchen area; made hanging caches; gathered wood and prepared fireplaces; made a kapers chart.

In the evening their host and hostess joined the Scouts at an informal campfire. Then, with the chirping of crickets for a lullaby, the girls settled down for a well-earned night's sleep.

Next morning, Sunday, their hosts joined them again for a Scouts' Own on the shore of the lake. Afterward they were taken on a tour of the estate. The 250-year-old house, furnished as it was in the 1700's, has a fascinating history, and the girls were shown its many treasures of paintings and sculpture.

Among the unique and valuable trees and shrubs in the beautiful gardens is a green oak over six hundred years old, from which the estate received its name. The girls also were shown a sassafras tree, said to be the largest east of the Rockies; holly and bamboo trees; an arbor vitae which their host told them was reckoned to be more than a thousand years old; a wonderful boxwood garden with boxwood which had come from cathedral grounds of Europe.

Back at their camp, each girl was on her own until dinner—to rest, explore the woods and stream, enjoy herself in her own fashion. After dinner they broke camp and set out for home, with happy memories in their hearts, and no trace of their visit to mar the beauty of the site of their first primitive camping experience.

This summer, some of the girls expect to hike and camp on the Appalachian Trail—primitive camping plus.

☀ "THE MOUNTAINS, THE MOUNTAINS, we greet them with a song," sang six

Seniors from Detroit, Michigan, when they caught their first sight of the great Smokies. These were the first mountains most of the girls had ever seen, and they were thrilled beyond all their expectations.

The Seniors had planned and saved for this camping trip to the Smokies for many months. The cost to each girl was twenty-seven dollars, which took care of all expenses. With a Scout leader and her husband as counselors and drivers, they traveled in a station-wagon type truck. Bed rolls and supplies were pulled in a trailer. During the week's trip they cooked and slept out of doors, pitching their pup tents at night in the camping area of a State park.

Each day brought new and exciting experiences. There were two things in particular the girls are sure they will always remember: the beauty of the Cumberland Falls in Tennessee's Cumberland State Park, and the majestic Norris Dam on the Clinch River. At Pigeon Forge they visited a pottery plant and watched skillful hands forming clay into useful and attractive objects. On the Cherokee Indian Reservation the girls were greatly impressed by a play put on by the Indians which told, simply and vividly, the history of the Cherokee nation.

Back home again, they asked themselves, "Where next? Yellowstone—the Black Hills—Niagara Falls?" And they began at once to work and save for their next trip!

☀ IN LEE CANYON in the Spring Mountains range Girl Scouts of Las Vegas, Nevada, in the Frontier Area Council, have facilities for several different kinds of camping. At the Pioneer unit one group of experienced campers set up their primitive site—digging, lashing, building, the same as Scouts in primitive camps across the country. Beanhole meals were a specialty of these Las Vegas Scouts. Barbecued chickens were another.

On a three-day hiking trip, the girls used dehydrated food packs in preparing all their meals. They started out early one morning and by noon had climbed Windbreaker Mountain. After nosebag lunches on the summit and a rest period, they hiked down the other side, and set up their camp in a snug canyon with running water close by.

Next day some of the girls went for a long hike, while others were content to explore the canyon around the campsite. For all of them it was early to bed that night, after campfire, to be ready for the hike back over the mountain the next day.

Another highlight for this group was an all-day pack trip on horseback, made memorable by the sight of three wild horses galloping fleetly in the distance.

Watching the stars circle overhead, singing around the campfire at night, the girls felt very close to all the other Scout campers, hundreds of miles apart, watching the same stars, singing the same songs around campfires in the mountains and on the plains; in the deep woods and at the seashore.

☀ FOR THE TROOPS OF THE FORT SMITH, Arkansas, Girl Scout Association, camping and outdoor projects are year-round activities. The Association owns twelve acres of wooded land on which there is a large lodge, three troop cabins, and sites for primitive camping. The property is used all year round for troop activities, indoors and out.

When the acreage was first acquired, 1,200 pine seedlings were planted by girls and their leaders, and are now cared for by the troops at all age levels. It is not easy to grow pines in that region, and the seedlings required a good deal of care. Brownies and Scouts were taught to recognize the baby pines so they would not step on them, and how to clear around them for sunlight. One Brownie troop placed small stones around each little pine they found, as a protection. Now those Brownies are Scouts, very proud of "their" pines, whose yearly growth they enjoy measuring.

The girls' interest in the pines and other native trees led to the study of the wild flowers and shrubs on the property, their protection and conservation. Caring for the trees and flowers, the girls came to know the wild life of their woods. Small tangles of vines and undergrowth have been carefully preserved as nesting places for the wild creatures. Some of the troops are on "speaking terms" with a family of rabbits and a covey of quail that make their homes in the woods. Others have made a study of snakes, so that they know the harmless ones and their useful functions.

One troop found a suitable area which they cleared and planted for a vegetable garden. A fence was put up around it and a scarecrow—dressed as a Girl Scout!—was set up to discourage four-footed marauders.

Members of one Senior troop have taken a State conservation leadership course, to be better equipped to teach the younger girls. Included in the course was the study of various types of soil; erosion and ground coverage; native tree and wildlife conservation.

All Over the Map

Headline News in Girl Scouting



U.S. Army Photo

At Fort Monroe, Virginia, an English Girl Guide helps Scouts of Troop 4 to sort and pack clothing and toys for Korea



Library Aide service gives these two Seniors of Troop 20 in St. Cloud, Wisconsin, an opportunity to meet and work with many different people at the public library

Conservation of their property has become a personal matter to every Brownie and Scout. Their respect and love for it is reflected in the care that is taken of buildings and land; in their pride in its beauty and usefulness; in the improvements which each troop makes.

COMMUNITY SERVICE is an important year-round activity of Scouts in the St. Cloud, Minnesota, Council.

For two Seniors of Troop 20, serving as Library Aides is an interesting and worthwhile project. The girls assist the city librarian several hours each week, helping with the many details that go into the smooth functioning of the public library; meeting people

of all ages, assisting them to make the best use of the library's resources. The girls thoroughly enjoy the work, and the librarian considers their services a valuable contribution.

Here are some other service activities of the St. Cloud Scouts: At the request of the chairman of the Polio Drive, Intermediate Troop 4 of the Wilson School prepared for mailing 750 pieces of literature to launch the drive.

Troop 1 of the Washington School was asked by the American Legion Auxiliary to make 250 place mats for the Veterans' Hospital. A number of troops entertain at this hospital during the year, and others make scrapbooks for the hospital.

Three years ago, the chairman of the Christ-

mas Seal county committee asked the girls of Troop 38 of St. Mary's School to wrap packages for the annual Christmas Seal display and sale. The girls did such a fine job that they have been asked to do this every year since. They use Christmas seals to create striking and unusual designs for attractive Christmas packages. Then they arrange with local stores to exhibit the packages during the Christmas Seal sale. Some stores feature the packages in their display windows. Others use them in attractive table and shelf displays in the stores. The Scouts also use the seals to make colorful table decorations for organization meetings. One year they used the seals to make a striking centerpiece for a Parent-Teacher tea—an excellent example of three organizations working together on a community service.



TROOP 4 of Fort Monroe, Virginia, is a group which practices international friendship. Some of the girls have been in Scouting in various European countries and in the Far East while their parents were stationed abroad. Two girls, members of the first troop organized in Germany after World War II, spent several days at Our Chalet in Adelboden. And meeting regularly with the troop is an English Girl Guide whose father is stationed at Fort Monroe as a British liaison officer.

One of the troop's first projects after it was organized last year was a very successful bake sale. The girls had collected clothing for Korean children, and used some of the bake-sale money to buy toys and other gifts to be sent, with the clothing, to the U. S. Army Seventh Division in Korea for distribution.

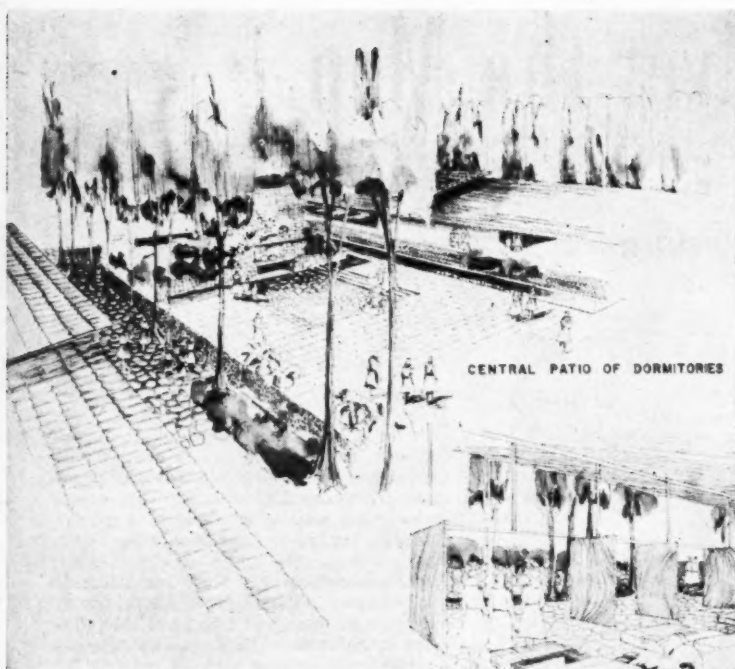
Fixing up their troop meeting place has been another big project. The girls cleaned and painted the meeting place; made curtains; painted furniture; even painted a wall mural as a final touch for the meeting room.

An April Showers dance with the local Boy Scout troop; a toy chest made for the pediatric ward of the Post hospital; a spring Court of Awards have been some of the other activities of this troop. Right now, the girls are deep in plans for outdoor projects for the summer months.

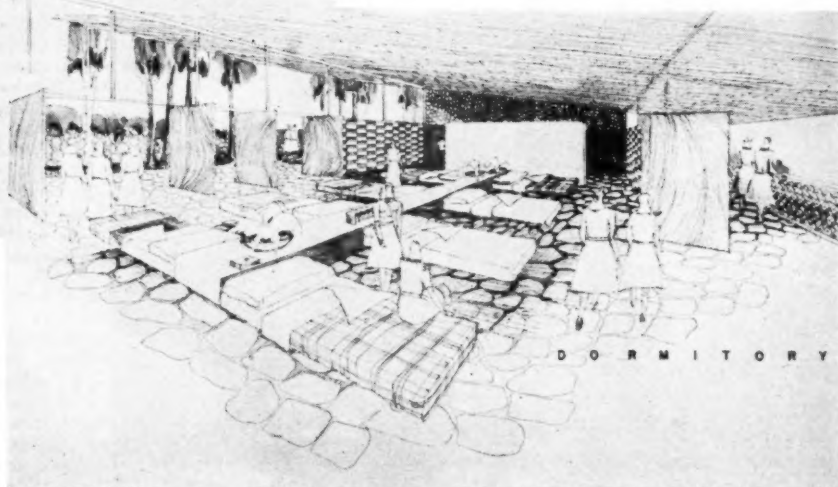
SEND YOUR SCOUT NEWS

to "All Over the Map." This is the Scouts' own department, through which they exchange news and ideas with Girl Guides and Scouts around the world. Send photographs, too—clear black-and-white prints, 4" x 5" or larger, in good focus. Pictures that show Girl Scouts "in action" rather than stiffly posed, are the most interesting.

THE END



CENTRAL PATIO OF DORMITORIES



DORMITORY

by ETHEL RUSK DERMADY

**Ground has been broken
for Girl Scouting's new
and beautiful World Center**

GIRL GUIDES AND GIRL SCOUTS of all the Americas are turning their eyes toward a town in Mexico this year. Which town? Cuernavaca, in the state of Morelos. See if you can find it on the map. It is here that a World Center is being constructed, to which Guides and Scouts of all the world will come to exchange experiences and ideas and get acquainted with one another. The center will be known as Our Cabaña—in Spanish, *Nuestra Cabaña*. The architect's drawings above show how the Cabaña will look.

A more dramatic setting for the New World "twin" of Our Chalet in Switzerland—the first Girl Guide and Girl Scout meeting place—would be difficult to find. The ancient city of Cuernavaca lies in the center of a valley surrounded by distant snow-capped mountains. Its history is a tapestry of romantic exploits. In the days of the Aztecs, Cuernavaca was the first home and the capital of the Tlahinacan Indians. Later Cortez, the famous Spanish general who claimed Mexico for the Spanish crown in the sixteenth century, found this valley so fair that he built his home in Cuernavaca. He cultivated its fertile fields, introducing sugar cane from Cuba, and fruits from the lowlands that grew well in the semi-tropical climate. The last emperor of Mexico, Maximilian, built a summer palace here for himself and his lovely Queen Carlota. The palace still stands, and visitors to the town

may walk through it. From its upper veranda they have a superb view of the town and the valley, and the majestic mountains with their fascinating Indian names.

Today, Cuernavaca is famous for its arts and crafts. Silver is mined extensively throughout Mexico, and jewelry of modern and ancient Indian design is made in the shops by master craftsmen. Workers in ceramics, weavers of textiles, and skilled artisans in many other handicrafts may be seen at their worktables as the visitor strolls through the streets of the city.

Our Cabaña, now under construction, will be situated about two miles from the center of the town. Its architectural style is Mexican, with low, rambling buildings grouped around patios. It will not be a camp, but its grounds are spacious enough for outdoor cooking and practice of camp skills. Girls will learn typical Mexican craftwork in silver and pottery. The surrounding countryside offers many opportunities for adventuresome trips. Mexico City, with its historic sites, buildings, shops, and markets, is only forty miles away. On religious feast days, colorful festivals are held frequently in Cuernavaca and the nearby villages. Not too far distant are pyramids dating from the Aztec days, and thrilling to explore. For the Girl Scout nature lover, there are the myriad of flowers, trees, rock formations, animals, and the extinct volcanoes to study.

Western Hemisphere Cabaña

Though all these wonders offer an endless source of enjoyment for the Girl Scouts fortunate enough to visit Our Cabaña, it is the girls themselves from many countries who will be the real heart of the Cabaña program, just as they have always been at the world center in Switzerland. For the Cabaña will draw its visitors from both the Old World and the New—from Europe, the British Isles, Africa, the Near East and the Far East, as well as from the nations of our own Western Hemisphere.

There will be the great thrill of hearing many languages, seeing many different Girl Guide and Girl Scout uniforms, yet discovering in the ways that are common to Guides and Scouts everywhere, a real basis of understanding and sisterhood.

Right in our own hemisphere several languages other than English are spoken. There is French in parts of Canada, in Haiti, and in the French Antilles; Spanish in Mexico, most of Central and South America, and the Spanish Antilles; Portuguese in Brazil; Dutch in Surinam and the Netherlands West Indies. If we look far to the north there is also the Eskimo—yes, there are Girl Scout troops in the Aleutian Islands, Alaska, and northern Canada.

Since Our Cabaña will be used chiefly, perhaps, by Girl Guides and Girl Scouts of the Americas and the West Indies, let us take

a quick jaunt from north to south and have a glance at our sisters of this hemisphere.

Canada's 97,000 Guides wear a dark-blue uniform. They love to go camping. And in their beautiful country, they, as we in the United States, can camp beside lakes, in mountains and forests, or on the shores of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans.

Mexico's Spanish-speaking Guides wear a gray skirt and white blouse. There are also many American Girl Scouts temporarily living in Mexico with their parents, and wearing the familiar green uniform. They are known as T.O.F.S.—troops on foreign soil—and they are watching the building of Our Cabaña with very special interest. So are the small but enthusiastic groups of Guides in Honduras, El Salvador, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica.

In the Republic of Panama there are some 500 Girl Guides, wearing a green uniform. Very close by are the International Girl Scouts of the Canal Zone, in blue, the color of the World Flag; and the U.S.A. Girl Scouts of the Zone, in green. Colombia's 3,000 Girl Guides are in gray-blue.

Some of these Girl Guides of the Western Hemisphere live in very hot tropical lands along the coast, and others in the high Andean mountain plains, but they manage to meet with one another in camp at least once a year. In Venezuela, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Chile, Uruguay, and Argentina groups of Guides and adults are working hard so their associations may be ready to apply for membership in the World Association of Girl Guides and Girl Scouts when the next World Conference is held in Brazil in 1957.

The Bandeirantes of Brazil have existed almost as long as the Girl Scouts of the U.S.A. Their gaiety and enthusiasm and their white dress uniforms have added sparkle to many a hemisphere gathering.

Close to Brazil are the Guides of Dutch Surinam and British Guiana. In the Caribbean Islands are the French-speaking Guides de Martinique; the British West Indies Guides of Trinidad, Barbados, Jamaica, Nassau, and Bermuda; the "Niñas Escuchas" of Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands, who speak both Spanish and English; the Dutch Guides of Curaçao and Aruba. Then we come to the French-speaking Guides of Haiti, and again to the Spanish-speaking Guides of Cuba. From there it is only a short hop and we are back in Florida, U.S.A.

It is all these Guides and Scouts who are planning to visit Our Cabaña, which it is hoped will be in use in 1956. And what an exciting time they will have—learning about the various countries, exchanging ideas on program activities—best of all, doing Girl Scouting together at Our Cabaña.

THE END

ALL ABROAD?

● One hundred and fifty million Americans are dreaming of a trip abroad next year—and of course you are one of them! Not all will go. But you may—if you are a Senior Girl Scout and start preparing now to take advantage of your international opportunities. Turn to page 44 and read how the dream can come true.

THE AMERICAN GIRL

Caroldean is a Telephone Teen!



Caroldean Franzen chose a telephone career because so many of her friends already worked at the telephone company. She finds her job as a telephone operator fascinating. She also enjoys after-hours activities like bowling and co-editing the office newspaper.

At Morton High School in Cicero, Illinois, Caroldean's favorite sport was tennis. She also captained the badminton, basketball, volleyball, soccer and baseball teams and won her letter "M."



Caroldean lives with her parents in Berwyn. She designs her own dresses, plays the guitar and helps her mother with Girl Scout activities. But Caroldean's great love is traveling. She has saved enough from her salary to finance a vacation in Europe this summer.

Like other telephone teens, Caroldean is alert, co-operative and well-liked. Her parents are pleased that she works for the telephone company. And Caroldean enjoys the important job of a telephone operator—helping people conduct their business and social affairs pleasantly and effectively by telephone.

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SPEAKING OF MOVIES

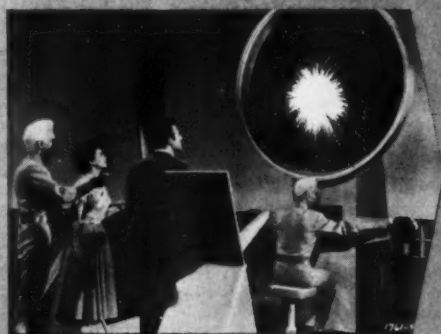
by BERTHA JANCKE LUECK



THE PURPLE MASK—A lively Technicolor melodrama set in France in 1803, with colorful romance and hairbreadth escapes. The hero (Tony Curtis) apparently a pleasure-loving aristocrat, is actually The Purple Mask, whose daring rescues of condemned nobles have baffled Napoleon's police. Plots and counterplots, clashing wits and rapiers, build suspense. Also in the cast are Colleen Miller, Gene Barry, Angela Lansbury. (Univ.-Int'l)



LADY AND THE TRAMP—Don't miss this delightful fantasy in Technicolor CinemaScope. A baby and two brash Siamese cats cause Lady, a high-born cocker spaniel, to run away from home. She is rescued from a dog gang by Tramp, a debonair dog-about-town of unknown ancestry. There is fun, laughter, and suspense as he shows her a kind of life she never dreamed of and, in the end, solves her problems and his own. (Walt Disney)



THIS ISLAND EARTH—There are plenty of thrills, chills, and fireworks in this Technicolor science-fiction story. Taken unwilling to an outer-space planet by a scientist (Jeff Morrow) two of Earth's nuclear-fission experts (Faith Domergue, Rex Reason) meet the half-insect, half-human Bug Man. An interplanetary war begins and after a series of hair-raising experiences, Miss Domergue and Reason finally get back to Earth safely. (Univ.-Int'l)



AN ANNAPOLIS STORY—The Naval Academy, with its beauty and romantic traditions, is the setting for much of this Technicolor story. John Derek and Kevin McCarthy are brothers, in love with the same girl, Diana Lynn. The boys, bitter toward each other, are assigned to the same carrier flight in the Pacific. Faced with war's realities, they are dramatically reconciled, and the girl makes her choice. You will enjoy this picture. (Allied Artists)

Overseas in 1956!

IF YOU WANT TO BE one of the lucky Seniors who will go abroad next year, now is the time to start planning. Ask your troop leader to get you information and an application form from your council or lone troop committee.

Each year a number of qualified Senior Scouts represent the Girl Scouts of the U.S.A. in international events. Every region is represented, and the girls selected may come from lone troops, from councils large or small. These projects are sponsored and largely financed by the Juliette Low World Friendship Fund. The cost to the girls themselves is slight.

All too often, because such international events have not been widely publicized in some councils, or because the Senior Scouts themselves have not inquired about them, many who might have qualified have remained at home. Many Seniors have found out too late that they might have been able to meet the requirements if only they had known about them and started to prepare themselves sooner.

In 1956, as in past years, teams of teenage members will be exchanged between the Girl Scouts of the United States and sister Girl Guide associations. At least twelve Seniors will travel, in teams of two or more, to other countries. The hostess countries in 1956 probably will be Great Britain, Norway, Denmark, the British possessions in the Western Hemisphere, Brazil, and Colombia.

These girls will camp with their sister Girl Guides, visit in Guide homes, perhaps attend patrol leader or cadet training sessions in camps, besides seeing something of the country's historic landmarks. A girl must be available from approximately June 15 to September 1 for one of these opportunities. In some cases, hostess countries may ask that their guests come at a different time of the year; such exceptions will be announced later.

Each year at least four Seniors attend the Juliette Low session at Our Chalet, the Girl Guide and Girl Scout international home in the Alps at Adelboden, Switzerland. A system of rotation has been set up to give each region a turn. In 1956 the four girls will be selected from Regions I, III, VIII, and X. They will meet with girls from seven other countries, probably Burma, Canada, Greece, Iceland, Ireland, Luxembourg, and South Africa, depending upon the acceptance of invitations issued. The purpose of this gathering is to promote friendship among Girl Guides and Scouts of different nations, and help them understand how the Promise and Laws become a force for good throughout the world. Those selected must be available for approximately two months—July and August. This is to allow for round-trip ocean travel and for visits to Girl Guide Associations in several countries.

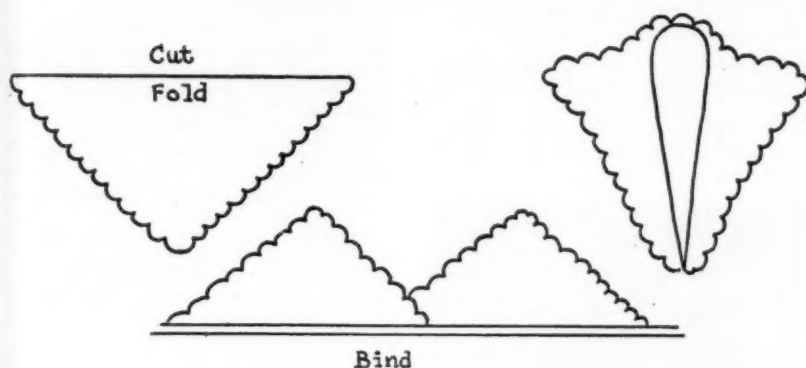
Qualified Senior Girl Scouts are selected each year as United States representatives to various large international Girl Guide or Scout encampments abroad for which invitations are received. These usually are held during July or August, and applicants must be available for about six weeks to allow for travel time. Seniors from this country who attend may be aided financially through the Juliette Low Fund.

Don't miss out. If you want to go next year, find out early through your local Girl Scout Council what you have to do.

THE END

JUNE, 1955

HANDKERCHIEF COLLAR



HAVE YOU AN ASSORTMENT of lovely hankies—and a sorry lack of neck frills? In a very few minutes, you can turn a handkerchief into a lovely collar.

The trick is simple. Just fold the handkerchief diagonally—as shown above—and cut along the diagonal line. Now lay the two halves of the handkerchief alongside each other in a straight line, lapping one point over that of the other half for a distance of two-and-a-half inches. Baste the overlapped points together close to the cut line.

Next, baste and stitch a piece of bias bind-

ing along the cut edge. And presto! There's your collar.

Handkerchiefs with scalloped or lace edges make pretty collars. You might even use a flowered handkerchief to make a gay neck trim for a dark dress.

Before you cut and sew, try some of your hankies for effect by folding them diagonally and trying them at your neck with the point about an inch beyond the middle of your back. You'll get an idea of how long the resulting collar neckline will be—and how becoming.

THE END

By You (Continued from page 16)

tower above and wonder at the ignorance of a fool who tries to live where life's candle flame soon stretches itself tall; flickers; and goes out.

Now I am in New England. Autumn in Maine. A patchwork quilt is spread across the hills. A smoky haze drifts over the distance. I smell apple butter and burning leaves. Squirrels chatter, and nuts click noisily as they are stored away for winter use. The breeze is brisk and foretells of snow and winter evenings before the fire. Life is good, and I am satisfied.

A canal. A gondola. A castle and a church. This is Venice. Water laps gently, almost reverently, at the cathedral steps where weary pilgrims kneel to pray. A castle towers into the blue while its foundations slowly decay. The song of the gondolier whispers across the water. Sailors shout in the distance. Wine flows freely, and laughter and friends are cheap.

Alaska. Paris. Arizona. Maine. Venice. No passport. No ticket. No suitcase. Just a book.

JUDY STREUFERT (age 16) St. Louis, Missouri

MAD DOG Fiction Award

It was a still day in a little country town when suddenly, the cry of "mad dog!" broke the silence. Instantly people were rushing around panic-stricken. Everyone was rushing in and out of their houses trying to find a gun to shoot the dog. Suddenly the people ran to the edge of the street in fear, for the dog was coming down the middle of the street.

He was just an ordinary dog, a brown cocker spaniel with flecks of white here and there. Poor dog, he was as afraid of the people as they were of him. A shot rang out and a cry of pain followed; another shot, and then the dog was dead. He had done nothing to hurt or anger

THE AMERICAN GIRL

the people, yet they killed him. He was not mad at all, only thirsty, for he had traveled many miles—just going home.

CAROL VANATTA (age 10) McCamey, Texas

I AM PARIS First Poetry Award

I am old.
My walls have seen centuries
Come and go.
Nameless children have played
Along the banks
Of my mighty River Seine.

I am a symbol
Of romance.
Lovers walk along my streets in the drenching rain,
While people laugh and talk in my cafés.
I am a symbol
Of art, of color.
My warmth and landscape
Were surely painted by an artist mightier than da Vinci.

All people have walked
Along my timeless streets.
I am weary
I am old
But I shall never die.

JILL MacDOUGALL (age 12) Dundalk, Maryland

SPRING Nonfiction Award

Spring in northern New England is not like spring anywhere else in the world. She is not a hoyden here, who leaps at your throat and forces you to notice her presence. She doesn't



Discourage those Blackheads!

Just don't let small blackheads de-glamorize your skin! Now—use this special greaseless treatment for clearing away these blackheads. It's recommended by leading skin specialists. It's quick. It's effective.

Every night and morning, after you wash your face—gently rub snowy-cool Pond's Vanishing Cream over your face. Then—leave on a deep coat of the cream for one minute. The "keratolytic" action of this greaseless cream dissolves off oily dead skin flakes that clog pores and encourage blackheads. Wipe cream off, and rinse face with cold water. Hundreds of girls have tried this wonder-working treatment with Pond's Vanishing Cream. They say "your skin looks fresher, brighter, clearer—right away!"

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Girl (10 to 16) who is a leader needed as sales manager in your town. Wonderful opportunity to earn fine awards if you qualify. Must be able to get other girls interested in earning cameras, pen and pencil sets, watches, etc. Absolutely no travel and nothing to buy. No investment—won't cost you or the girls you manage a penny. For details write today to: Award Department, #AG-1, FARM JOURNAL-TOWN JOURNAL, 230 W. Washington Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

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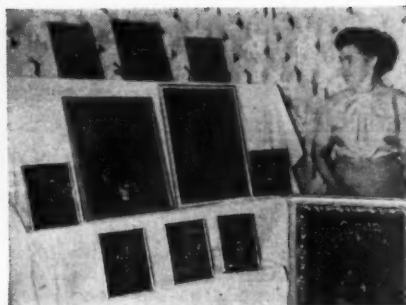
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HOBBY MIRACLE

by Eugenia Faryniarz



A girl who triumphed over a grave handicap tells how her hobby helped her—both physically and spiritually

IT WAS IN MY JUNIOR YEAR of high school that I discovered the joy of my special hobby: painting on glass. The teacher had to help me a great deal—for unlike the others in our art class, I was almost unable to hold the brush in my hands. Born with cerebral palsy, I had great difficulty in using either my hands or my feet, and so could barely walk.

Still, the glass painting the others were doing appealed to me tremendously, and I longed to do it, too. Each student had to create her own design on paper first—and it seemed to me I could think of many beautiful designs, if only I could get them down.

The art teacher seemed to understand my eagerness. She was an elderly woman, seventy at that time—but a fine, capable artist. Instead of discouraging me, she urged me to try, holding my hand to steady it while I tried to guide the pencil or brush. The ideas were mine, but part of the execution of them was hers. Yet the result filled me with joy. When a design was complete, we placed it under a piece of 8" x 10" glass and traced it on the glass with indelible ink and a fine pen. We allowed the outline to dry, then filled it in with transparent lacquer paints. When these colors had dried thoroughly, we filled in the background with intense opaque black lacquer. Then we took a sheet of silver foil, crushed it to produce a crackly effect, then smoothed it out and pasted it down at the edges on the painted side of the glass. Of course all the work is done on the opposite side of the glass from the one that will be outside when framed. We were surprised to see how the silver foil brought out all the colors and brilliant sparkling hues.

My classmates were very proud of their paintings—and so was I—except that in my heart I wished I could have done mine all myself.

After I left high school our family moved to a new home. I decided to hang my glass

painting, which had been framed. As I tried to put it up, I let it fall. It broke in several pieces. I picked them up, cellophane-taped them together, and finally hung the picture anyhow. It didn't look too bad, but it bothered me. I decided I must paint another. I called my teacher, and she agreed to help me. And—here's where the miracle occurred. Somehow, I found I no longer needed her to steady my hand. I could manage it myself—and the result would really be mine!

This was the beginning of a hobby that for me has been far more than a hobby. It is medicine. It gives me endless pleasure, stimulates my creative imagination, and has a wonderful, soothing effect on my fragile nerves. It occupies my time, and has helped to improve the use of my hands. In order to steady my hand when painting on glass I rest it on a foam-rubber pad and find that this is a great help.

My favorite subjects are birds, flowers, and butterflies. My latest design, of a Madonna and Child, looks like a stained-glass window with the sun shining through.

It's five years now since I adopted glass painting as a hobby. Through it I've made many good friends—and have sold two hundred of my paintings. They've been exhibited in hobby shows—one of these in Boston at Mechanics Hall, where it was very exciting to see thousands of people stop to view my work. Another such show that gave me great pleasure was an "Outdoor Clothesline Art Exhibition" in East Hampton, Long Island, where I spend my summers.

My hobby has made me part of the world of work achievement, and that is a great delight. And I think my greatest thrill came last summer when the art critics praised my work without knowing of the handicap I had had to overcome.

Yes, my hobby has proved to be a miracle!

THE END

hurl herself in your path. Spring in New England is a perfect lady. She has been taught to enter a room and take her time making an appearance.

She knows that Winter lingers, loath to leave the land on which he had such a prolonged hold. But she knows, too, that victory is inevitably hers, so she walks softly and is gracious in her conquest. She is all the more beautiful because of her good behavior.

The snows melt, the hills turn green, the rivers break free from their bondage, and the waters sing merrily as they carry cakes of ice toward the sea.

The skies are washed, and crisply starched and ironed.

The chirp of the robin is heard in the early morning from the branches of trees that are giving forth promises of the gracious abundance which is soon to follow.

DONNA EMILY PRAY (age 13)

South Hamilton, Massachusetts

OUT OF THE BLACKNESS Fiction Award

The filly was restless. She stood in the pasture, head upflung, nostrils distended. That scent! It was exciting, stimulating. Where did it come from? She listened but all she heard was the sighing of the pasture trees, rustling in the night wind. She looked, but all she saw was the faint outline of the rail fence, a quarter of a mile away, and the starless sky, alive with dark scudding clouds. She sniffed the air, but all she smelled was the faint fragrance of the distant pines, the sweet scent of the new green grass, wet with dew, and the musty odor of the owl in the maple tree. All comforting, familiar things, as familiar to her from birth as her own gentle mother, dozing in the hollow.

She trotted uneasily over to the fence. Laying her head on the top rail, she stared off into the night, trying to penetrate the darkness. A gentle breeze played with her mane, ruffling it, lifting it from her sweaty neck, sending a strange tingling feeling through her. She stepped back from the fence, tossed her head, pawed at nothing.

Suddenly she heard it, the muffled thunder of galloping hoofs, growing louder . . . She quivered all over with excitement and, bucking and jumping, ran the length of the fence, neighing loudly. The hoofs sounded nearer now, hammering the ground fiercely, and suddenly a flying figure burst from the pines, clothed in wild fury, stopping, whirling, leaping. He tested the air, reared, and came toward her in a series of wild leaps, uttering shrill neighs as he ran. Shiny neck arched proudly, flinty hoofs spurring the ground, he stopped

ANSWER TO THE CROSSWORD PUZZLE ON PAGE 30

LOVE	MAPLE	ERGO
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SORT	NERVE	EPIC
TRYSTS	CAM	REDE
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CHANNEL	REVERSE	
ROBE	REFUSE	ETA
ORATE	FIN	RIMES
SAT	ATTEND	MILE
SLEEVES	ERUPTED	
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ART AWARD:

Joyce Willse (age 15) Long Island, New York

short, whirled, and flinging a wild call over his shoulder to her, he raced toward the sheltering darkness of the pine trees, and all in a moment was swallowed up in inky darkness.

Desperate now, the filly measures the fence. Not too high, but. . . Her mind is made up. Calling wildly, she races to the far corner of the pasture. Then, mane and tail flying, hoofs barely touching the ground, she gallops through the trees, down and up the hollow, across the meadow. The fence looms before her.

Lightly, as if scorning the three-rail barrier, her body rises up, up, up, in a graceful, curving leap.

Then she is down and running across the open fields, head and tail high, eyes joyful, tangled mane streaming like a banner, skimming lightly as a bird. Reaching the trees she stops, listens. . . There! That exciting scent again. . . the stallion! Eye meets eye, one boldly flashing, the other wild with excitement. Muzzle touches muzzle, and suddenly the filly whirls and dashes down the slope. The stallion pursues, catching her easily. The filly, forgetting her mock terror, races shoulder to shoulder with him across the flat countryside, taking fences and brush jumps in her stride.

She forgets all but a wonderful feeling of security, of strength, of peace. It is more than wonderful, it is glorious, perfect. It will last

through peace and war, plenty and famine, life and death. It is forever. . .

BARBARA GILLETTE (age 12) Tulsa, Oklahoma

MY BROTHER Poetry Award

I watch my brother.

I watch him fly a model airplane in the sun.

I watch it dip and turn and shine.

My brother stands there all exuberant,

Guiding his precious plane on its flight.

GOSH!

I watch him build a model car.

I watch him mold and shape it, and then change it.

I watch him polish it a dozen times, a dozen ways,

His eyes more critical and hands more patient Than I imagined eyes or hands could ever be.

GOSH!

I watch him as I face him across our ping-pong table.

He growls and stamps, attempting some psychology,

Then his serve goes off the table, and we laugh together.

GOSH! I love my brother!

CLAIRE FAREY (age 15) Stockton, California

DETASSELING CORN Nonfiction Award

When steaming, buttery corn-on-the-cob is brought to your table, do you ever think of the work that goes into growing the corn? I certainly do, for last summer I worked ten days in the cornfields detasseling corn for a hybrid seed company in Iowa.

Hybrid corn is a cross between two types of corn. Each July, thousands of school students earn about seventy-five cents an hour detasseling certain cornstalks.

How clearly I remember the anticipation of the first day. We met at seven o'clock, and our group was picked up by an old cattle truck.

We had to prepare for all kinds of weather. In the morning, it was quite cold. In the afternoon, it went into the nineties. Several mornings it rained. Weather shouldn't mean a thing to a detasseling crew. To be completely prepared, I had to wear jeans, shorts, shirt, halter, old shoes, large straw hat, sunglasses, and (when my nose was sunburned) a bandage.

Before the season started, I had thought tassels would be only a few inches long and that it would be like picking flowers. I soon learned

PHOTOGRAPHY

AWARD:

Susan Ward (age 13)
Long Beach, California



THE AMERICAN GIRL



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ART AWARD: Loraine Fischer (age 17)

Burwell, Nebraska

CONESUS LAKE Poetry Award

differently. It was hard to reach for the top of the cornstalk, pull it down, twist until the foot-long tassels came off, and then go on to the next stalk.

The fields were gone over from three to six times. First, we took only the big tassels. After that, we "stripped" the fields, or got all the little tassels. Finally, the fields were "brushed," which meant a final check.

There is a lot of animal life in the fields. There are the flat, brown corn borers, the least unpleasant to the detasslers. There are crickets, birds, grasshoppers, and scores of little green and red bugs. I discovered three different kinds of corn worms; one bites, one flies, and one doesn't seem to do anything.

It is funny how a person feels in a cornfield. The rustling leaves hide you from all the other detasslers, and you feel like the only person on earth. One day, several of us compared notes, and we found that we all felt the same way. Some of us sang when we were alone.

On the last day, as we rode home in the cattle truck, dirty but triumphant, we sang all our songs until we were hoarse. As we drove into town, everyone sang, "I've Been Working on the Cornfields."

ROSEMARY NELSON (age 13) Milwaukee, Wisc.

Two seasons mark the life of northern lakes. The first, a time of changing moods and scene. From spring to fall, through summer's shining wake,

The waters roll, now toss'd, now calm, serene. The second season brings a time of sleep. A quiet, ice-locked peace, unbroken white, Until a muffled boom comes from the deep To break the silent stillness of the night. An unseen pressure slowly breaks the sheet That stretches wide and smooth from shore to shore,

And slow, relentless, pile by pile they meet, The massive chunks of ice from winter's store. Released from iron grip the waters roll. A lake has seen the rebirth of its soul.

JONATHA MARSLAND (age 14) Livonia, N. Y.

HER Nonfiction Award

There I was, plowing through the snow and wind. But I wasn't cold because I was going home to get a wonderful present. The first time in my eight lonely years I had a new baby sis-

ter. The snow felt soft and the crunching of my overshoes sounded like music. I was so happy I thought I would burst.

When I got home Dad was rushing around getting everything prepared for her arrival home from the hospital. At last she was home, and I was so proud I could hardly stand it.

The time went very quickly since I had a new baby sister to play with, and by the time she was a year old we had many clothes alike and the delight never wore off when we went somewhere together. Everyone said she was beautiful, which she was. She didn't have much hair, but what she had was curly. Her eyes couldn't be described; only those who saw her would know. She had a dimple by each corner of her mouth; they were always showing, for she had a darling disposition.

Then in the fall of 1947, when the fair was in town, I decided Karen Sue should be in the children's parade. We had a float fixed and her costume was made. Suddenly all these were cast aside. Why? Because she had become violently ill. Just two days before the fair I awoke, feeling good and hoping Karen Sue was better. I lay there thinking about it when Dad went to the phone and called the doctor. He said, "How's the baby?" I listened intently, and I could hear nothing except a hushed silence. My young mind had never grasped the possibility of death. I felt my hopes, dreams, and prayers come crashing, tumbling down about me. She was gone.

It is so odd how one precious thing can bring so much happiness and yet so much heartbreak. No matter how many brothers and sisters, sons and daughters I have, the memory of her will always linger on.

SAUNDRA STRAIT (age 17) Conway Springs, Kansas

HONORABLE MENTION

NONFICTION: Mary Raudebaugh (age 17), Flagstaff, Arizona; Mike Brayton (age 11), Coldwater, Michigan

FICTION: Cathy Federer (age 17), Los Angeles, California; Sue Knell (age 14), North Caldwell, New Jersey.

POETRY: Kay Peach Pollock (age 13), Flagstaff, Arizona; Beverley D. Dixon, (age 10), Eggertsville, New York

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Waterloo, Iowa	James Black
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PRIZE PURCHASE, PAGE 19

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FASHIONABLE SHORE LINES, PAGE 20-21

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DUO IN THE SUN, PAGE 22

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New York, N. Y.	Stern Brothers
Steubenville, Ohio	The Hub

Jokes

IN THE KEY OF F

A flea and a fly were caught in a flute:
Said the flea, "Let us fly,"
Said the fly, "Let us flee,"
So they flew out a flaw in the flute.

Sent by JANET LOU DENNY, Mill Creek, West Virginia

LEARNING THE HARD WAY

DAN: That second-hand jalopy I bought has taught me a lesson.
DINA: How's that?
DAN: Now I know how hard it is to drive a bargain.

Sent by LINDA COLLINS, West Alexandria, Ohio

BRIGHT AND EARLY

PROFESSOR: Smith, what can you tell us about the speed of light?
SMITH: Well, it certainly gets here too soon in the morning.

Sent by LANI CLEMENT, Millbrae, California

TOOTI TOOTI

Said the cracker-barrel philosopher: You may be on the right track, but you'll get run over if you just sit there!

Sent by CAROLYN JACOBS, Decatur, Georgia

SPEECHI SPEECHI SPEECHI

Most speakers have three speeches. The first is the one he has written down. The second is the one he actually gives. And the third is what he wishes he had said after he thinks it over.

Sent by CAROL JOHNSON, Chicago, Illinois

CLEVER LAD

MANAGER: Did you mark *Fragile - This Side Up* on that carton of glasses?

NEW CLERK: Yes, sir. And to make sure everybody sees it, I marked it on both sides.

Sent by JACQUELINE JOHNSON, North Brookfield, Massachusetts

GLOBE TROTTER

ANN: What can travel clear around the world and yet stay in one corner?

JOE: I give up.
ANN: A postage stamp.
Sent by AMY SNYDER, Des Moines, Iowa

SHORT AND SIMPLE

The circulation manager of a Vermont newspaper sent a reminder to one Hiram Sparks that his subscription had expired. The notice was returned with the terse statement: "So's Hiram."

Sent by JOAN WILCOX, Tallahassee, Florida

NUTS!

"Now, then," called the stage manager to the new, inexperienced stagehand, "we're ready. Run up the curtain."

"Run up the curtain?" retorted the new man. "What do you think I am—a squirrel?"

Sent by SANDRA YOUNG, Butztown, Pennsylvania

MAN OVERBOARD!

The captain was having difficulty getting his orders understood over the speaking tube. "What's the matter?" he demanded. "Is there an idiot at the end of this tube?"

"Not at this end, sir," was the reply.
Sent by NINA ZAIKO, Hammond, Indiana

IMPORTANT NOTICE

All jokes must be sent to THE AMERICAN GIRL on two-cent Government postal cards. Send as many jokes as you wish, but no more than two to a card. Write in ink, or on the typewriter, and be sure to give your name, full address, and age. Address your cards to THE AMERICAN GIRL, Jokes Department, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York.

THE AMERICAN GIRL will pay \$1.00 for each joke printed on this page.



"You sure it won't give my hair that frizzy look?"

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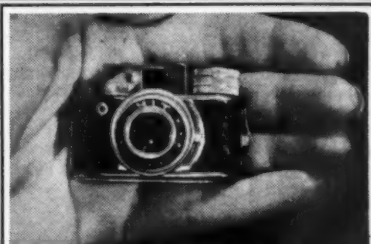
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Readers under eighteen years of age may send contributions to this department. They may be on any subject that will appeal to teen-agers. Only original material, never before published, should be submitted.

"Original" means that in all contributions the idea, and the drawings or words which express that idea, must be entirely the sender's. Contributions must not be copied in any way from the work of another person.

Short Stories: Not over 800 words.

Poems: Two to twenty-five lines.

Nonfiction: Description, biographical or human-interest sketch, episode from real life. Not over 400 words.

Drawings: Black-and-white only, on stiff drawing paper or poster board; may be done in pencil, black writing ink, India ink, charcoal, tempera, or wash. Not smaller than 5" x 7". **WARNING:** Wrap carefully!

Photographs: Any subject, Black-and-white only. No smaller than 2 1/4" by 2 1/4". Wrap carefully, as damaged photographs will not be considered.

RULES

1. Entries for the October, 1955, issue must be mailed on or before July 1, 1955. Entries will be considered only for the one issue of the magazine for which they are submitted.
2. On the upper half of the first page of all manuscripts—or on a sheet attached to drawings and photographs—there must be written:

The name, address, and age of sender.

Her troop number if she is a Girl Scout.

The number of words in the piece submitted.

The following endorsement, signed by parent, teacher, or guardian: "I have seen this contribution and am convinced that it is the original idea and work of the sender."

3. Manuscripts must be typewritten or neatly written in ink, on one side of the paper only.
4. Ages of the contributors will be considered in judging, and the decision of the judges is final. A contributor may send only one entry a month—not one of each kind, but only one.

5. All manuscripts, drawings, and photographs submitted become the property of THE AMERICAN GIRL MAGAZINE and cannot be acknowledged or returned. THE AMERICAN GIRL reserves the right to cut and edit manuscripts when necessary.

AWARDS

First awards, \$10; all others, \$5. Each month a list of Honorable Mention contributions is printed. No awards are made for these.

Send entries to "By You" Dept. Editor

THE AMERICAN GIRL Magazine

155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.

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Check pattern number and size and enclose correct amount (30¢ in coin) for each pattern.

FEATURED ON PAGE 26

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2. Carefully cut out the big red "Sicle" ball from any three "POPSICLE," "FUDGSICLE," "CREAMSICLE," "DREAMSICLE," or "50-50 POPSICLE" bags.
3. Paste the three "Sicle" balls in spaces marked on the entry blank.
4. Match the ranch brands against the names of the ranches shown on the entry blank by writing the number of the ranch name in the corner of the box where you think it belongs. For example—we have put a 3 in the first box because Circle Z (number 3 on the list) fits that brand.
5. In the empty space shown on the entry blank, draw the brand you would use if you owned a ranch.
6. Print the name of your ranch on the dotted line indicated on the blank. (Mom and Dad can help!)
7. Write your name, age and address in the spaces indicated on the blank. Your entry will be judged against other entries in your age group.
8. Paste the completed entry on a 2-cent post-card and mail to "POPSICLE," P.O. Box 123, New York 46, N. Y. Send in as many entries as you like. Entries must be postmarked no later than midnight, August 6th.
9. Entries to be judged by independent judging organization on basis of correctness and neatness. In case of ties, originality of "imaginary ranch brand" will be deciding factor. Decision of judges will be final.

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Don't delay! Send in your entry right away. And remember, you can enter as many times as you like! Weekly contests begin Sunday morning and end the following Saturday at midnight. All entries will be judged in the weekly contests by postmark date on envelope. The last "POPSICLE" contest closes with mail postmarked by midnight Aug. 6th, 1955.

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Aug. 6th, 1955

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- | | | |
|------------------|----------------------|------------------|
| 1. Westward Look | 4. Thunderhead | 7. Wild Horse |
| 2. Bar B R | 5. Barra Nada | 8. Sahuaro Vista |
| 3. Circle Z | 6. Saddle and Surret | 9. Diamond W |

Now, after you've matched the brands with the correct ranches, draw your own brand design in the box on the right. Name your imaginary ranch on the dotted line below.

My Imaginary Ranch Name.....

My Name _____ Age _____

Parent's Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Brand of Ice Cream My Dealer Sells _____

PASTE 3 "SICLE" BALLS HERE!

When your entry is complete, mail it to:
"POPSICLE," P.O. Box 123, N. Y. 46, N. Y.

**4052
TERRIFIC
PRIZES**

**52 GRAND
PRIZES**

**52 Winning Teams
will fly via Luxurious
AMERICAN
AIRLINES**

for thrilling, all expense

DUDE RANCH VACATIONS in Tucson

(Trips scheduled for arrival in Tucson, August 21st)

ARIZONA



**BE THE GUEST OF TUCSON'S
SUNSHINE CLIMATE CLUB**

Thrills! Action! Adventure! Spend fabu-
lous days and nights in real cowboy
country—the vacation of a lifetime.
Everything free!

2nd PRIZES

**PHILCO
PORTABLE 3-SPEED
PHONOGRAPH**
Just plug-in and play
Value \$29.95



GIRLS' 3rd PRIZES

FAMOUS EFFANBEE
Dy-Dee
DOLL
and 20-piece
WARDROBE Value \$15.95



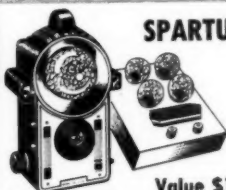
BOYS' 3rd PRIZES

BASEBALL
**GLOVE
AND
BALL**



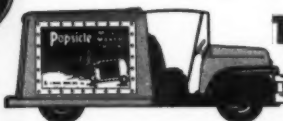
DIMAGGIO MODEL

**4th
PRIZES**



**SPARTUS FLASH
CAMERA
OUTFIT**
complete with bulbs,
film, batteries
Value \$14.95

**5th
PRIZES**



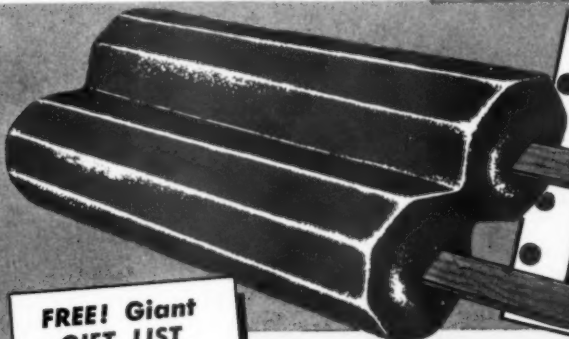
MATTEL Musical Mystery

TOY TRUCK

Plays tune as
it rolls along.



See
Pinky Lee
For "POPSICLE"
on NBC-TV
• MONDAY
• WEDNESDAY
• FRIDAY



**FREE! Giant
GIFT LIST**

Get one from your Ice
Cream Man or write to:
"POPSICLE"
601 West 26 St., New York
1, N. Y.; 2856 E. 11th St.,
Los Angeles 23, Calif.



Get Additional Entry Blanks From Your "POPSICLE" Dealer

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Beautiful Hair

B R E C K



THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS
FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS

A Breck Shampoo will help bring out the soft, natural beauty of your hair. There are three Breck Shampoos. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. The next time you buy a shampoo, select the Breck Shampoo for your individual hair condition. A Breck Shampoo cleans thoroughly, leaving your hair soft, fragrant and shining.

The Three Breck Shampoos are available at Beauty Shops, Drug Stores, Department Stores and wherever cosmetics are sold.

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